№2 Oct 24, 1979
Every Thursday
12p

Marvel Comics
present

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

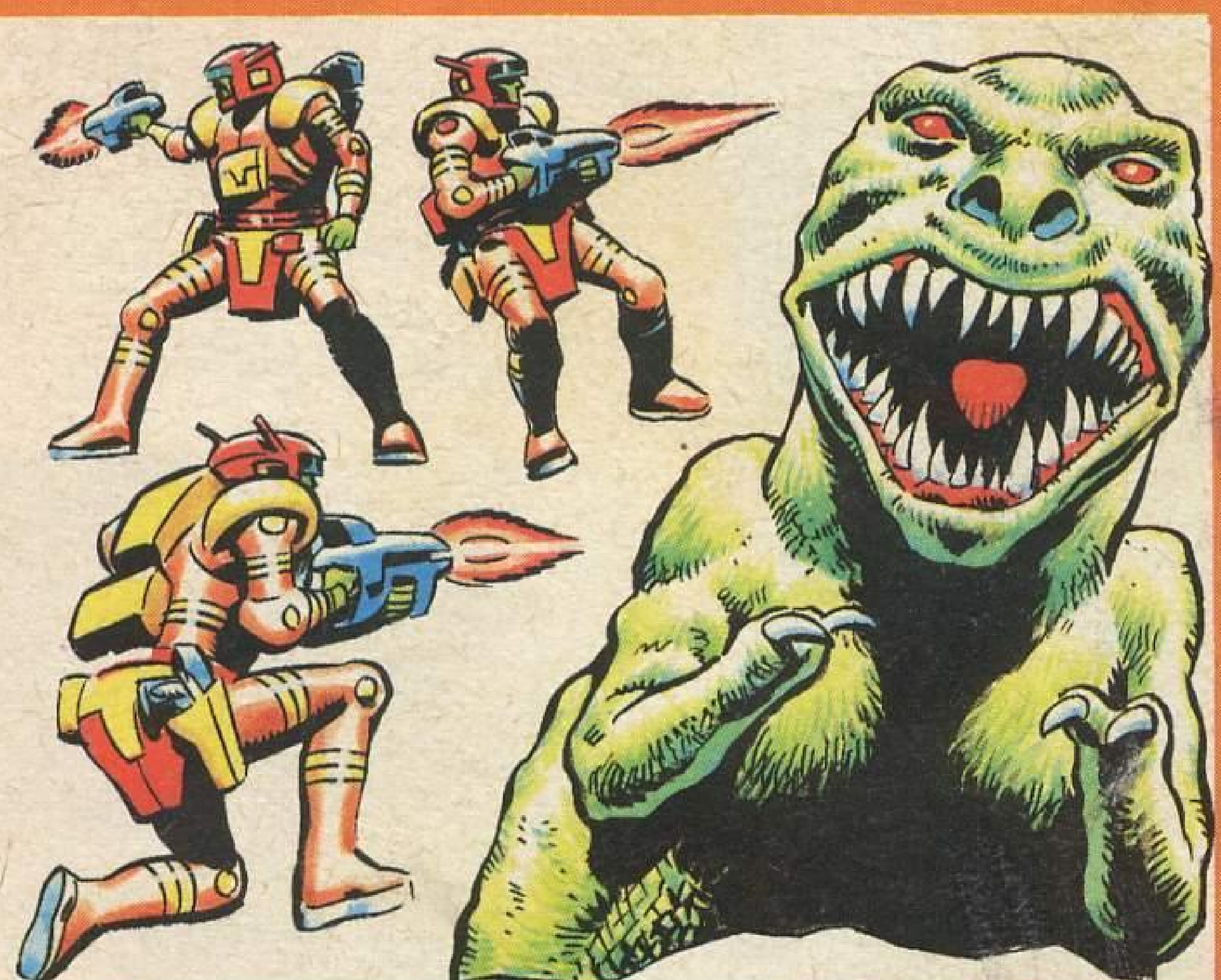
Comic Strips! Features! Pin-ups!

SMASH SECOND ISSUE

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN £5

IN OUR GREAT COMPETITION

FREE TRANSFERS

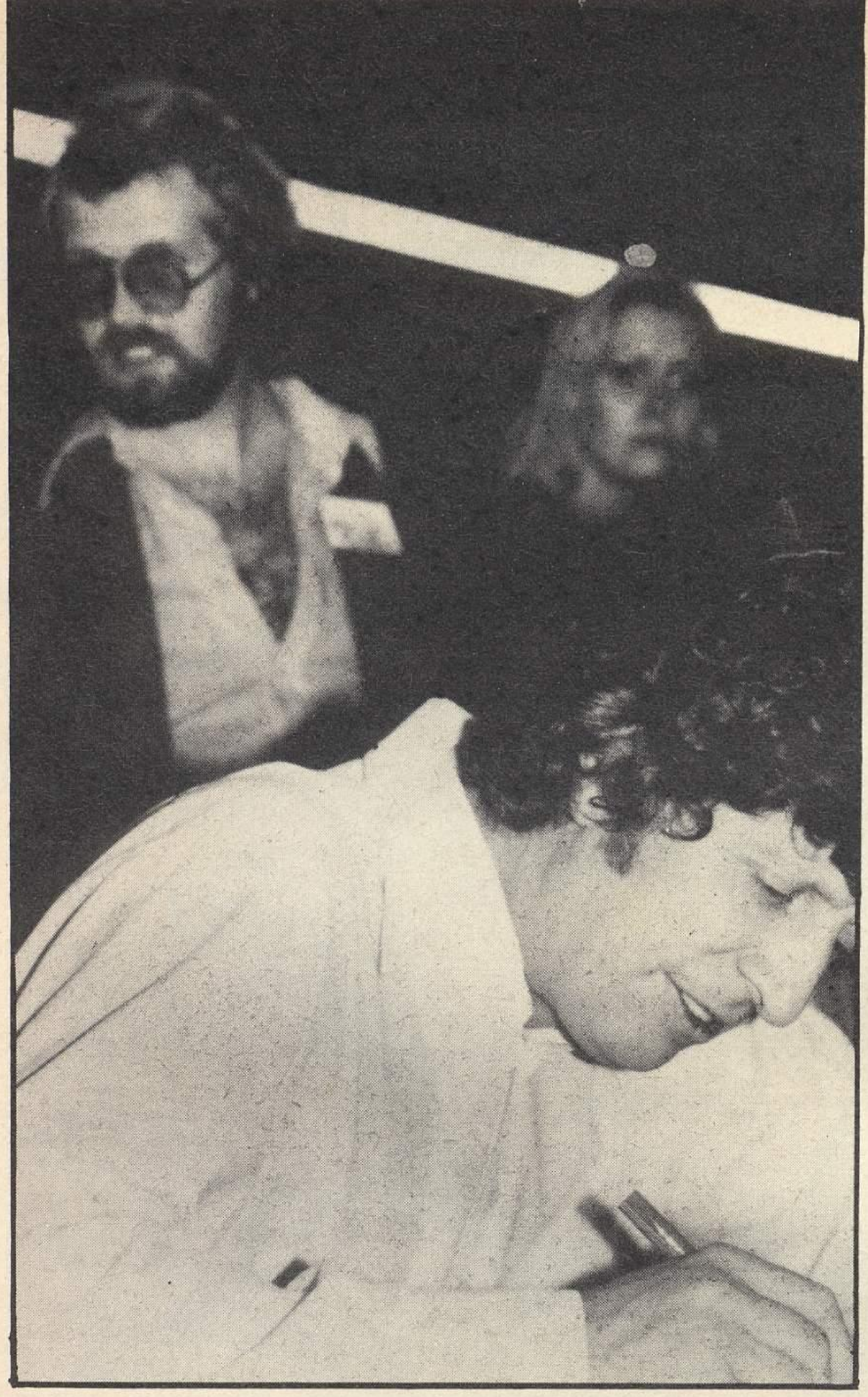


SEE INSIDE!

WAR OF THE WORLDS

-RETOLD IN PICTURES

RETURN OF THE DALEKS



Photos: Joyce A. Agee

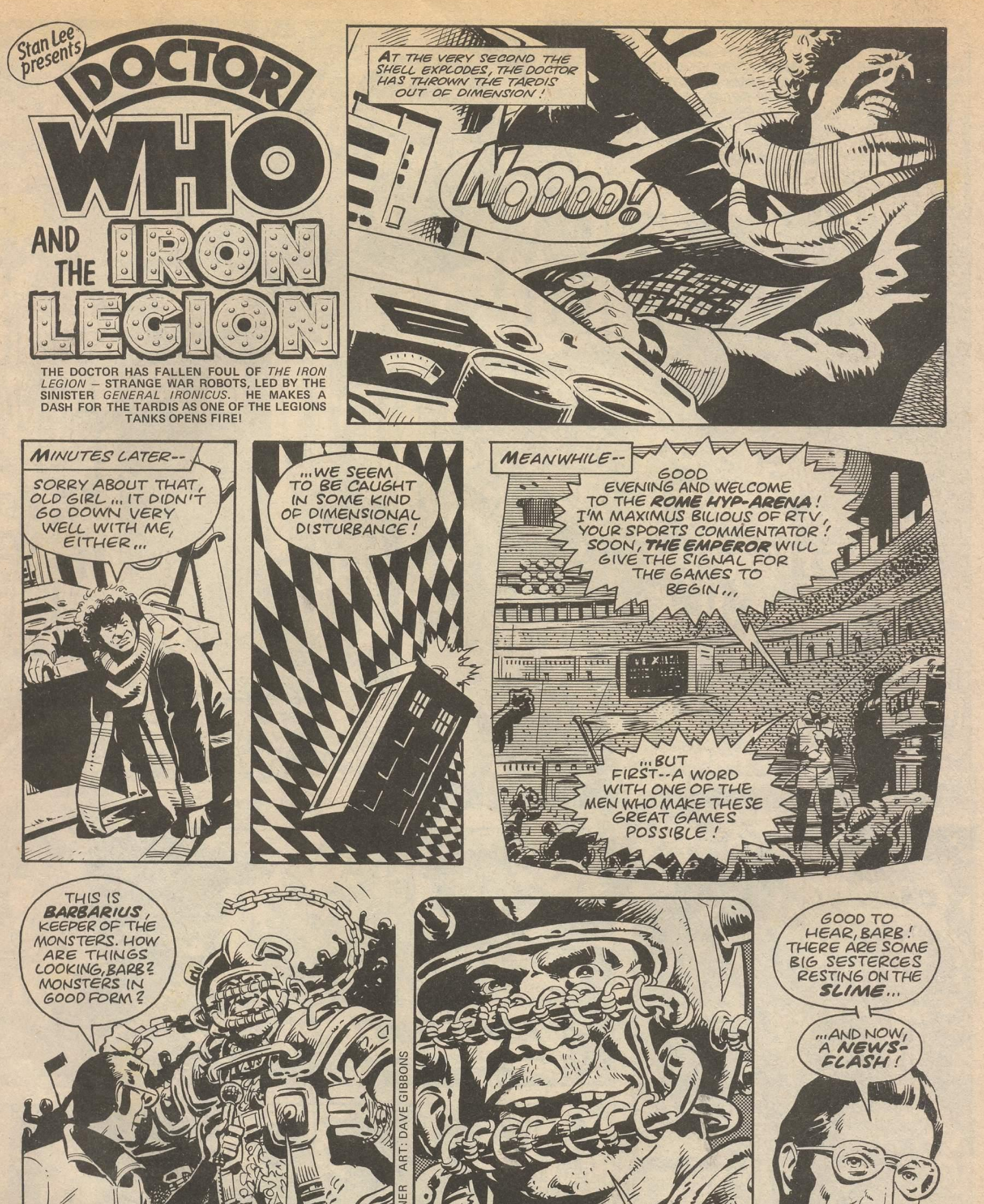
SEACON '79

Tom Baker in action, and relaxing at the 1979 World Science Fiction convention, held in Brighton recently.

Stan Lee presents

DOCTOR WHO AND THE IRON LEGION

THE DOCTOR HAS FALLEN FOUL OF *THE IRON LEGION* – STRANGE WAR ROBOTS, LED BY THE SINISTER *GENERAL IRONICUS*. HE MAKES A DASH FOR THE TARDIS AS ONE OF THE LEGIONS TANKS OPENS FIRE!

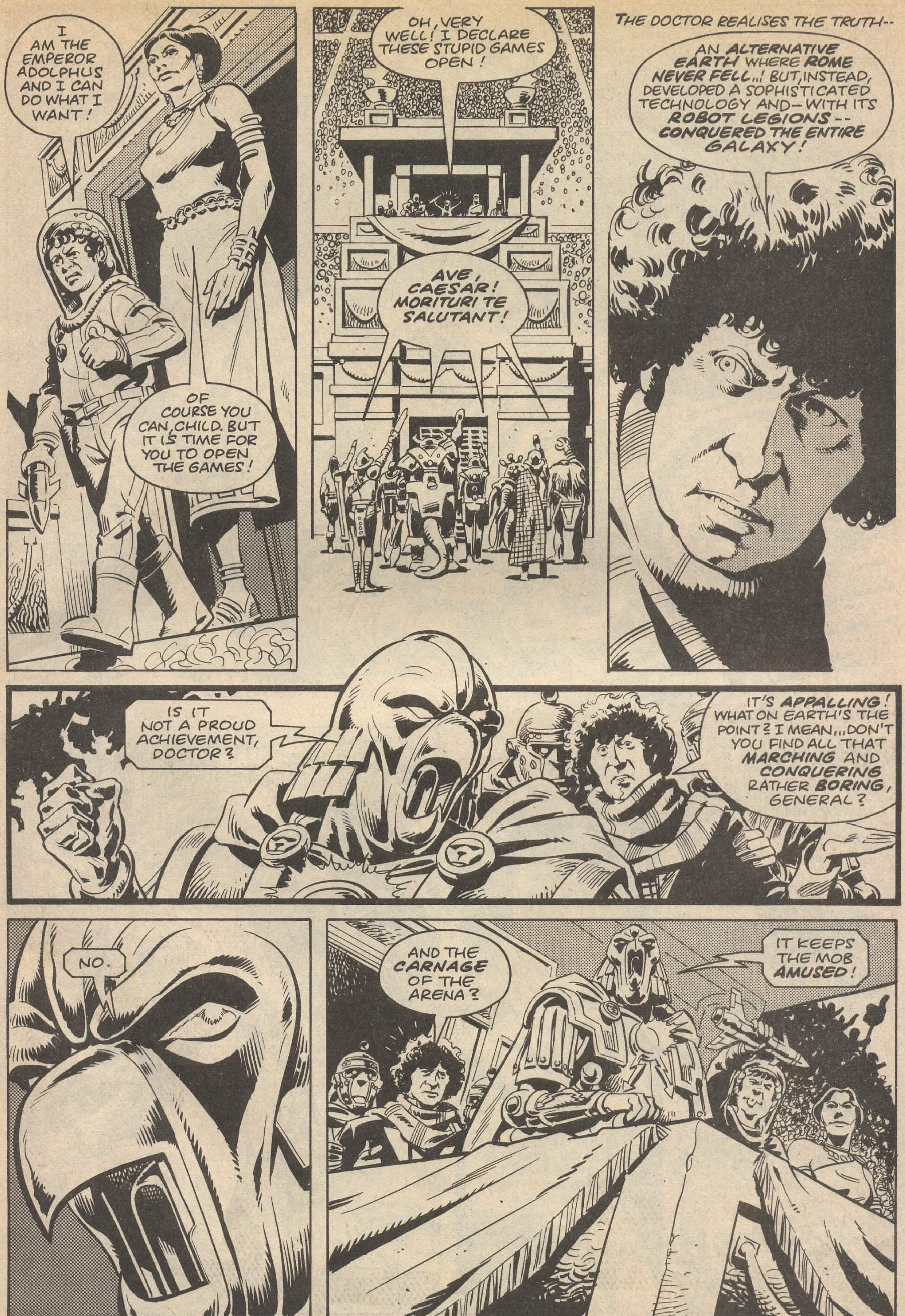

AT THE VERY SECOND THE SHELL EXPLODES, THE DOCTOR HAS THROWN THE TARDIS OUT OF DIMENSION!
NOOOOO!
MINUTES LATER--
SORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD GIRL... IT DIDN'T GO DOWN VERY WELL WITH ME, EITHER...
...WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISTURBANCE!
MEANWHILE--
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO THE ROME HYP-ARENA! I'M MAXIMUS BILIOUS OF RTV, YOUR SPORTS COMMENTATOR! SOON, THE EMPEROR WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE GAMES TO BEGIN...
...BUT FIRST--A WORD WITH ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THESE GREAT GAMES POSSIBLE!
THIS IS BARBARIUS, KEEPER OF THE MONSTERS. HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING, BARB? MONSTERS IN GOOD FORM?
UH, GREAT, MAX. THE ZARKS HAVE BEEN ON BREAD AND WATER FOR A WEEK AND THEY'RE FIGHTING FIT! WE'VE GOT SOME FIRST-RATE KILLER KRONKS FROM THE CRAB NEBULA, ALL EARTH-TRAINED.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ECTOSLIME, BARB? I'VE HEARD THERE'S BEEN SOME TENTACLE TROUBLE THERE...
NO, MAX, THEY'RE IN TOP SHAPE. THERE'LL BE SOME FUN IN THE ARENA WHEN THE ECTOSLIME COMES IN!
GOOD TO HEAR, BARB! THERE ARE SOME BIG SESTERCES RESTING ON THE SLIME...
...AND NOW, A NEWS-FLASH!

SCRIPT: MILLS & WAGNER ART: DAVE GIBBONS

Dr Who Weekly is published by Marvel Comics Ltd., Jadwin House, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5. Edited by Dez Skinn. All Dr Who material is copyright © 1979 BBC. All other material is copyright © 1979 by Marvel Comics Ltd., a division of Cadence Industries Corp. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons, and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Not to be sold in the USA or Canada. Display advertising contact: Morrison Brown, Media Selling Services, 218A High Street, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JD.

A HACSA 2004 SCANNIVERSARY SCAN by
GOTHMAN

GENERAL IRONICUS AND HIS IRON LEGION ARE RETURNING IN TRIUMPH FROM THEIR LATEST CONQUESTS -- THROUGH THE DIMENSION DUCT! THE CROWD ARE SURGING FORWARD TO SEE CAESAR'S RIGHT-HAND ROBOT!
S.P.Q.R
NOW GENERAL IRONICUS HAS ENTERED THE ARENA AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE IMPERIAL BOX AND... YES .... YES...
I HEAR, CITIZENS, THAT THE EMPEROR IS READY TO ENTER ... WE'RE TAKING YOU OVER THERE...
AND HERE HE COMES... THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS CAESAR! RULER OF THE EARTH! MASTER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND THE GALAXY BEYOND!
HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND... BUT I'M JUST -- THE DOCTOR!
TAKE HIM!
SOME CONFUSION IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, CITIZENS... WAIT! HERE COMES THE EMPEROR NOW!
VRMMM! BLAMM! ANOTHER PLANET WIPED OUT!


I AM THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS AND I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, CHILD. BUT IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO OPEN THE GAMES!
OH, VERY WELL! I DECLARE THESE STUPID GAMES OPEN!
AVE, CAESAR! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!
THE DOCTOR REALISES THE TRUTH--
AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE ROME NEVER FELL..! BUT, INSTEAD, DEVELOPED A SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY AND—WITH ITS ROBOT LEGIONS-- CONQUERED THE ENTIRE GALAXY!
IS IT NOT A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT, DOCTOR?
IT'S APPALLING! WHAT ON EARTH'S THE POINT? I MEAN... DON'T YOU FIND ALL THAT MARCHING AND CONQUERING RATHER BORING, GENERAL?
NO.
AND THE CARNAGE OF THE ARENA?
IT KEEPS THE MOB AMUSED!

THE CROWD ARE AT FEVER-PITCH! AND, ANY MOMENT NOW, TONIGHT'S STAR-TURN ... THE ECTOSLIME, WILL APPEAR!
YOUR MACHINE CAN OBVIOUSLY TRAVEL IN OTHER TIMES AND DIMENSIONS, IT WILL BE USEFUL NOW THAT ROME HAS CROSSED THESE FRONTIERS.
POLICE
YOU WILL TELL ME ITS SECRETS, DOCTOR!
AND IF I REFUSE?
YOU'RE AN INTELLIGENT MAN, DOCTOR. I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER.
I'D RATHER DIE THAN HELP YOU TO CONQUER EVERYTHING IN CREATION!
VERY WELL. THROW HIM TO THE ECTOSLIME!
NEXT WEEK: ENTER THE ECTO-SLIME!

A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR

The Doctor,
c/o Postbus 42,
The Planet Runn,
Alpha Centauri,

VIA BEAM-A-ZEAT

Infantimber 0th, year of the gardner.

Dear All,

Not wanting to trust the pigeon post from Ganymede again, I'm sending this letter via Beam-A-Zeat. I did notice they were also sending a batch of smoked klim-bait (a local delicacy) in the same container, so sincerest apologies if this letter pongs a bit.

Of course, having been with the smoked klim-bait, once you've read this, you can always grill it with a piece of toast, if you've got the recipe handy (it's on page seventy-twelve of the Intergalactic Cookbook for Beginners – revised edition, naturally).

If you got my note in time last week, you'll know how much I'm looking forward to receiving your letters about this splendiferous new magazine, and that I'm also expecting huge piles of photos of you all to help brighten up the new letters page starting soon.

You can write to me about anything really, the magazine, the tv show, the magazine, the tv show, or even the magazine or the tv show. Absolutely anything. Just be sure to write, so I'll know it's worth sending you these missives from around the galaxy.

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

Write to us at:
WHO CARES! Doctor Who Weekly, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

Continuing our look at the many monsters of *Doctor Who,* and following on from last week's *Dalek* feature, we now present Gordon Blows' view of...

The Cybermen

The Cybermen! Their very name strikes terror into the hearts of the beings of the Solar System.

Giant and silver, these human-shaped creatures each possess the strength of ten normal men.

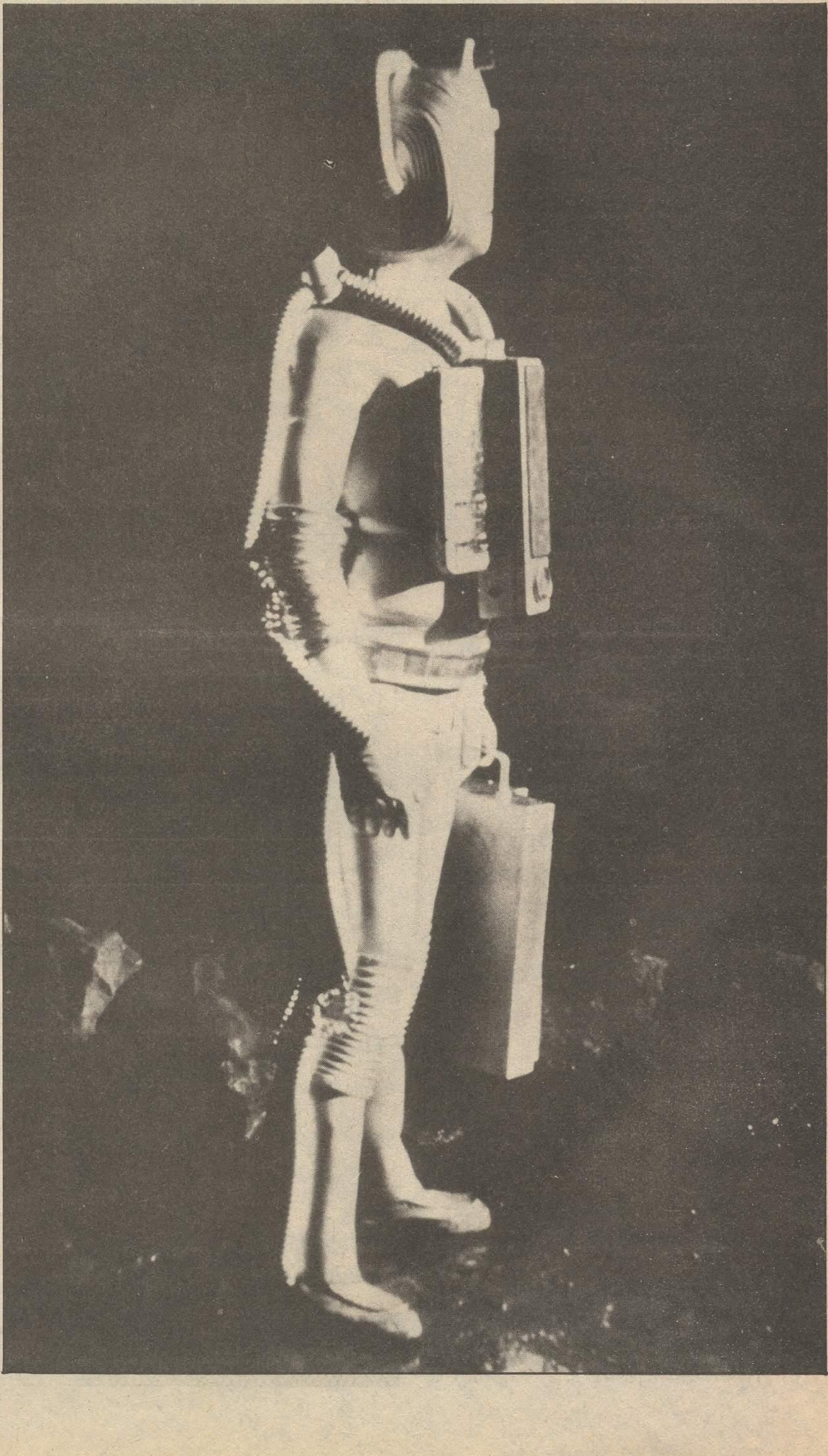
At their fingertips are the resources of an age-old technology — a science for which their cold, logical purpose has found a use... in their attempted conquest of the universe!

However, without that science, the Cybermen would not exist. For once they, like us, were human.

The original inhabitants of the distant planet Telos, they were brilliant logicians. But, as years passed into centuries, these Telosians became aware that their race was getting weaker, and their life-span becoming shorter. So, the experiments began!

As their bodies became old and diseased, small parts — later entire limbs — were replaced with robotics, mechanical apparatus which would resemble the old flesh and blood parts. Generations later, it was normal for *everyone* to have robotic limbs. When the time arrived that the Telosians were more mechanical than human, any attempt to make the robot-parts look human was forgotten. Animals were experimented on, and it was found possible to replace living organisms entirely. These fully mechanical pets were to prove useful allies when their masters turned to conquest, and they became known as Cybermats, deadly, poison-inflicting servants of the Cybermen, resembling silver rats.

Perhaps the fact that they were 80% robot affected their minds and altered their purpose, for now the natives of Telos decided that they could become finer logicians by wiping out certain weaknesses



A behind-the-scenes shot during a rehersal for the 1968 Doctor Who "Invasion" story

from their brains. These weaknesses were their emotions. And so they became truly logical, but paid a high price. With no feelings, no love, anger, hate or fear, there had to be something else. Some reason for their very existence. The substitute purpose became the pursuit of. . .*power!*

As the already total rulers of Telos, their unblinking eyes turned elsewhere for conquest. . . to space.

Earth's twin planet, the roving world of Mondas strayed into the system of Telos, the sector of space ruled by the Cybermen.

By this time, the robotic race had begun experimenting with short-range space flight, and an invasion of the blue, Earth-like world of Mondas began.

The human inhabitants of Mondas were quickly overpowered and many of them were converted into Cybermen.

But too late the invaders began to realise that Mondas was continuing on its journey, and they found themselves trapped on its alien shore, their short-distance space craft useless for any attempt to return to Telos.

The remaining Cybermen of Telos watched their brothers carried off into distant space, unable to follow.

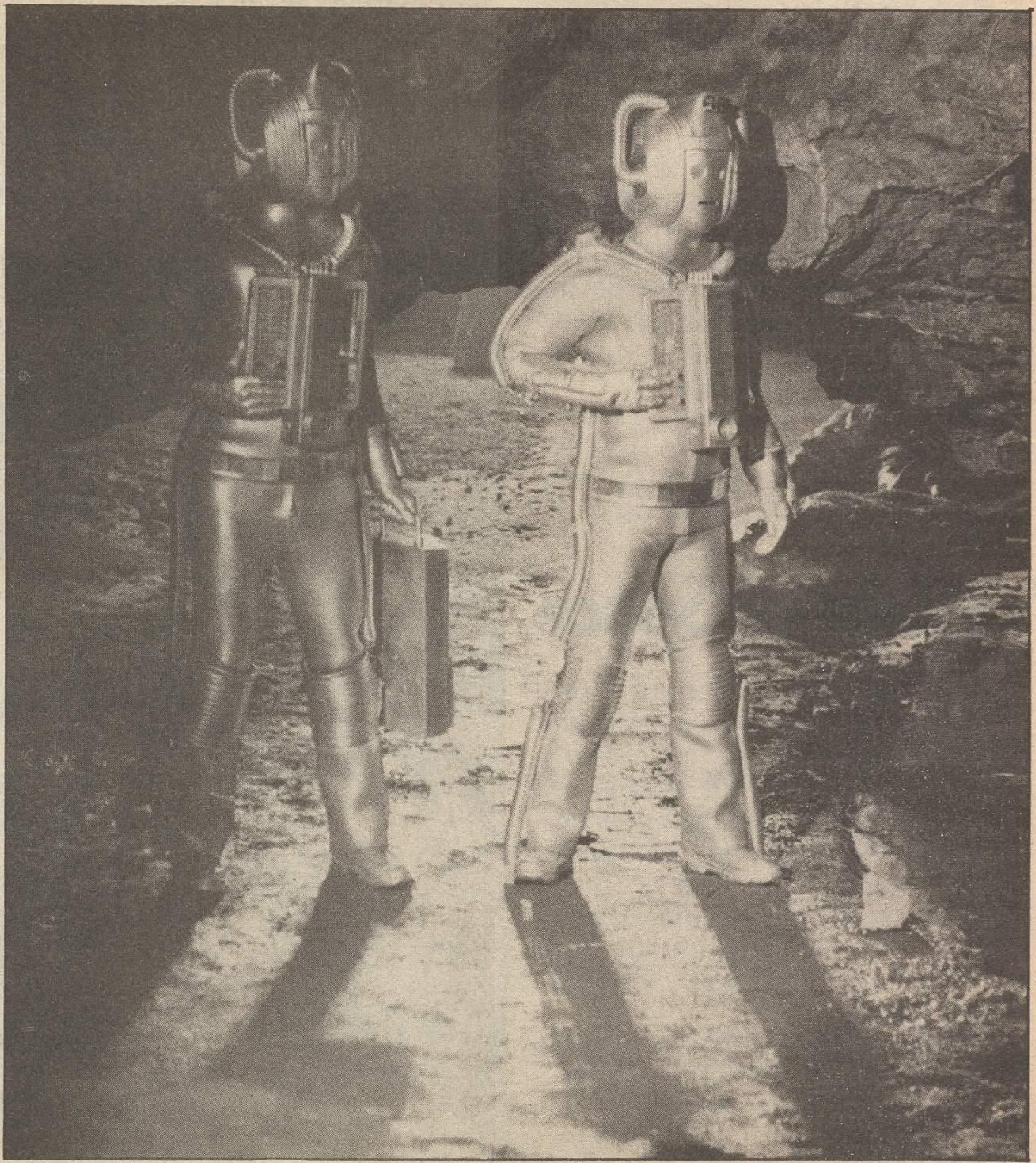
Target :- Earth

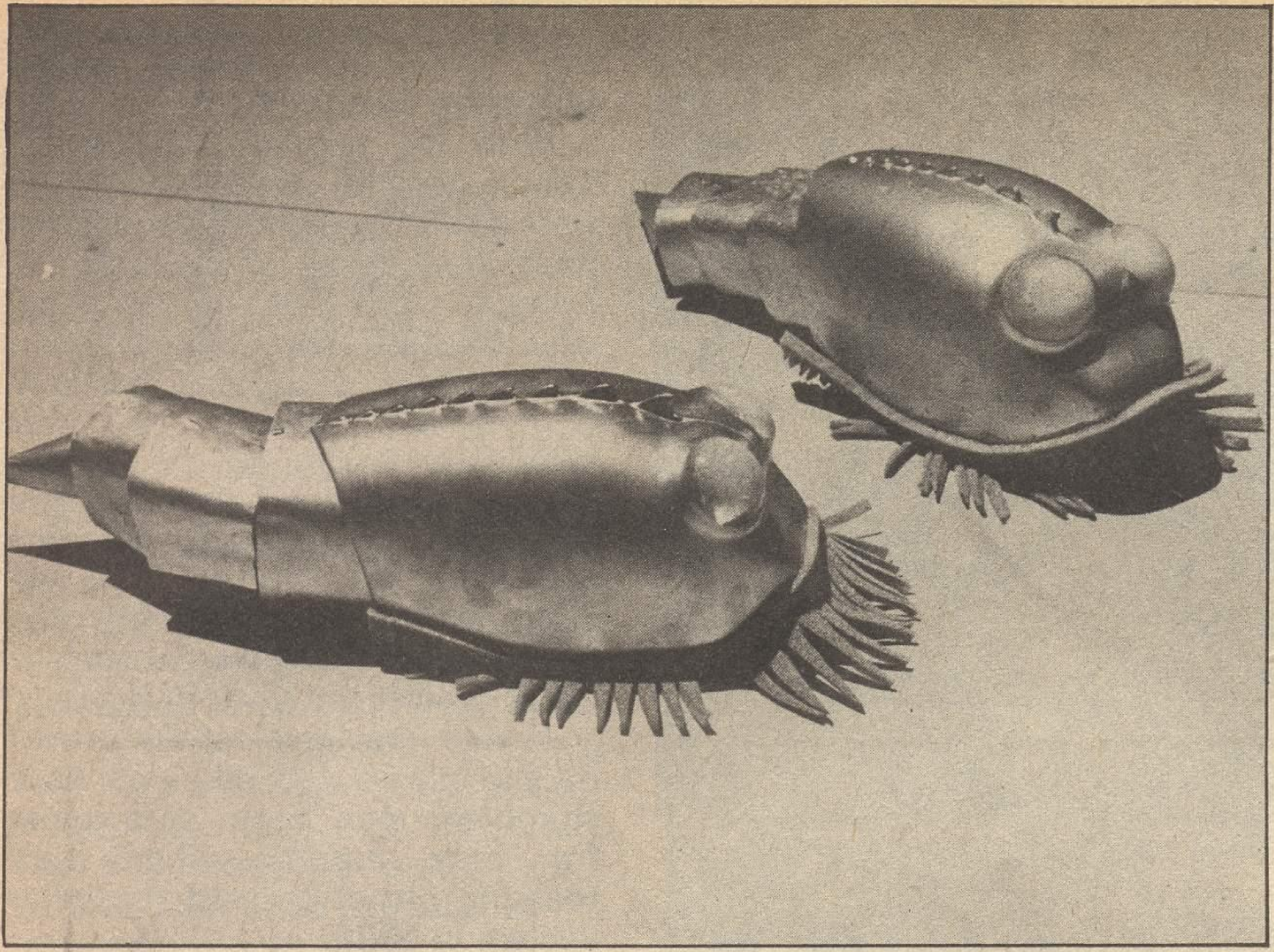
Many generations later, the Cybermen conquered the galactic boundaries venturing into hyper-space travel (the science of journeying great distances in space by a time/space corridor similar to that which the TARDIS itself travels through). Through this, the Cybermen came across twentieth century Earth.

With the help of a human — Tobias Vaughn — the Cybermen were able to strike suddenly, pouring from the sewers of London upon the human race, who were already under a brain-wave attack. Vaughn — partially Cybernetic himself — was convinced finally by the Doctor (Patrick Troughton) that once the Cybermen had succeeded, there would be no place for him. He then joined forces with the Doctor and the armed might of UNIT against the silver invaders.

It was the long-lost Cybermen of the planet Mondas who next stumbled upon Earth as a target for their purpose when their roaming planet entered the Solar System in 1980.

By then, Mondas was a dying world, and the Cybermen — who were dependent on the rapidly depleting life-force of the planet —





Above: Two of the Cybermen's deadly pets — Cybermats. Below right: From the "Tomb of the Cybermen" story, the emotionless aliens emerge.

intended to drain Earth to save themselves.

With the help of his companions, The Doctor tricked the Cybermen, and the planet Mondas disintegrated.

Their life-force cut off, the Cybermen dissolved — leaving only their mechanical limbs as evidence of ever having existed.

Obsessed now with the destruction of the entire human race, the Cybermen of Telos made further invasion attempts.

Once they invaded Earth's moon, and another time on an Earth satellite, 'The Wheel', where the Cybermats were also used in great force.

Vikings of Space

We have since learned that in time the Cybermen were forced to leave their home planet of Telos (though the full details of this event have yet to be screened on tv). Inhabitants of the black void between the stars, they became the Vikings of Space, not needing air, and being immune to extreme heat and cold, raiding all and sundry.

Their only weak spot, as discovered in the the great Cyberwars, was their chest units. Humans found that these could be choked with gold-dust, thus terminating all the vital systems of a Cyberman.

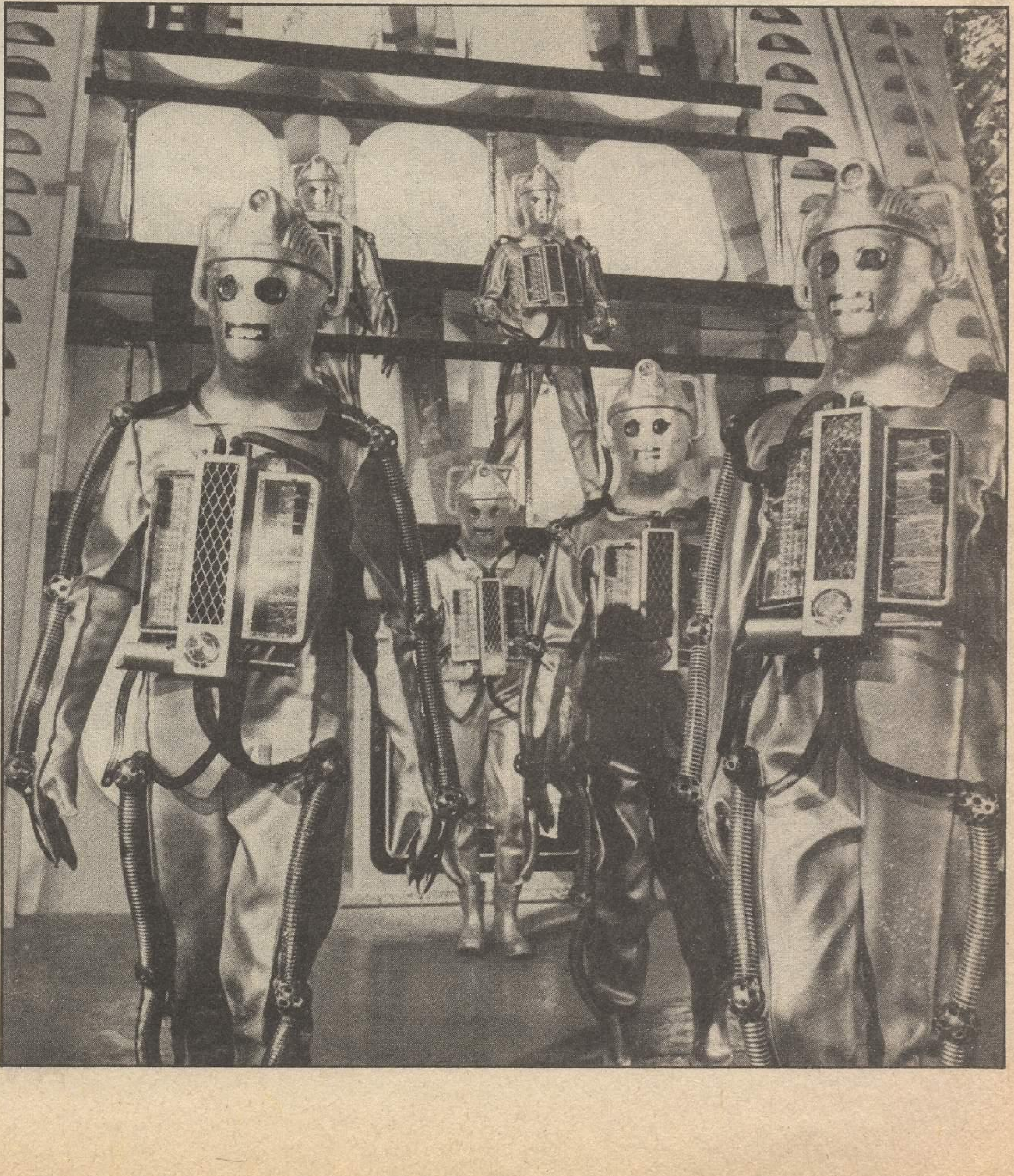
Finally defeated, a small army of Cybermen — the last known remnants — were intent on re-establishing their race. Eaten with an unusual desire of revenge, they made an all-out attempt to destroy the source of their own downfall, the planet of gold, Voga.

The Doctor (portrayed this time by Tom Baker) helped stop them, and the Cybermen were defeated yet again.

So we are left to believe that these warriors are finally extinguished. . .or are they?

One story told us of the Doctor visiting their home planet of Telos in the far-distant future and discovering the Tombs of the Cybermen. Rather than being destroyed, these tombs still exist, and the Cybermen sleep on with their deadly rat-like silver servants, their blank mask-like faces waiting for the cold light of Telos to once more give power to their machinery and minds.

They are destined to terrify the universe again!



MONSTER MIX

As an added bonus to this week's issue — in case the weather is as cold and dreary as most Octobers in Britain tend to be — here's a fun way to pass the time, puzzling out our MONSTER MIX.

Below are the names of twenty of my past monstrous foes. All you have to do is seek out their names in the maze of letters underneath.

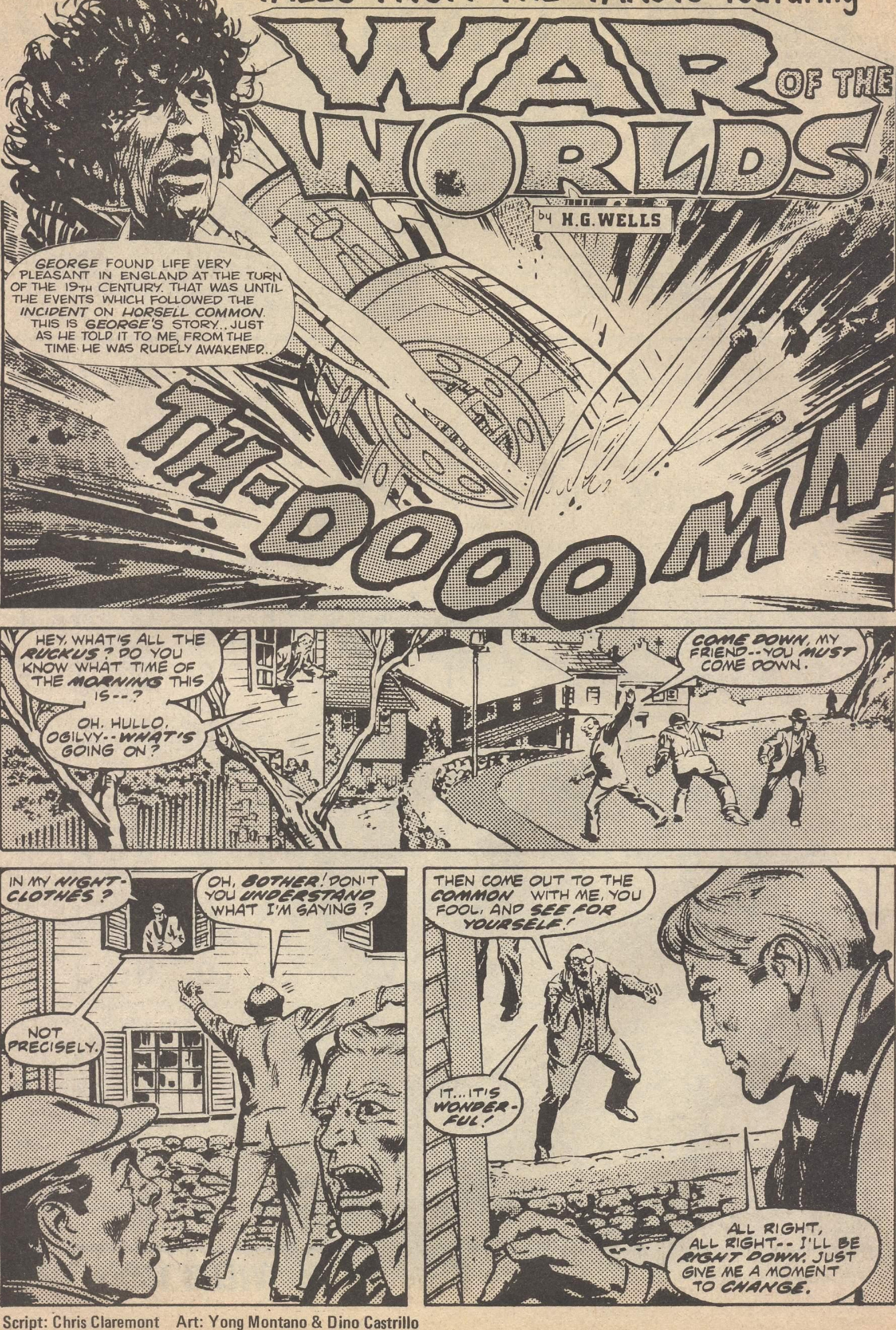
The names are hidden diagonally, as well as up, down and across, so look closely!

AXON
DALEK
DRACONIAN
EXXILON
LINX
MACRA
MONOID
MORBIUS
MUTT
OGRON
QUARK
SEA DEVIL
SENSORITE
SILURIAN
VEGA NEXOUS
VOORD
WIRRN
YETI
ZARBI
ZYGON

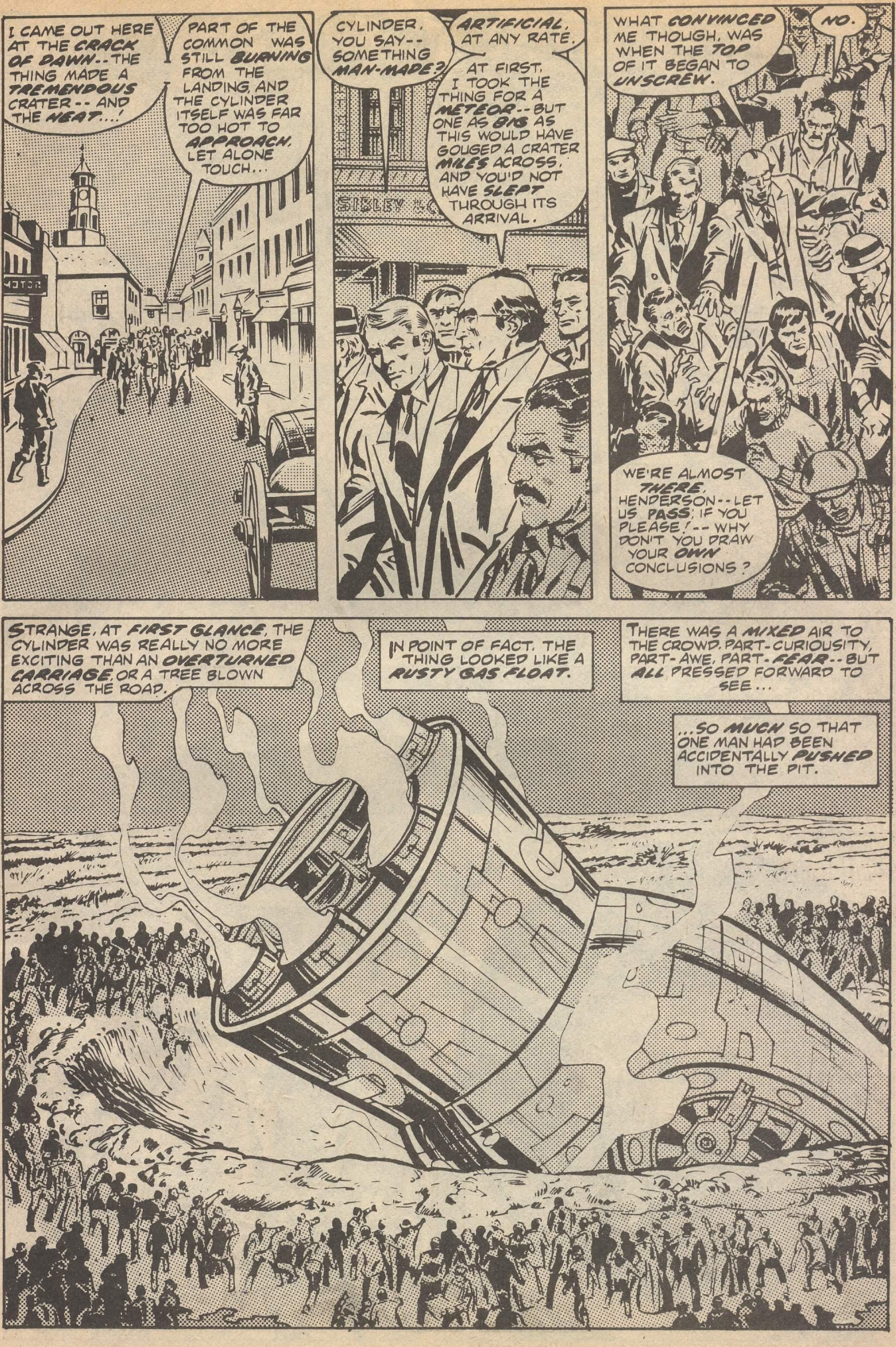
R	F	Q	U	A	R	K	G	H	M	O	N	O	I	D
S	P	N	R	A	S	D	Z	X	C	V	B	N	M	K
D	X	C	F	G	H	J	A	X	O	N	W	E	D	N
V	A	D	F	V	B	N	R	Y	U	I	O	S	W	A
M	E	L	Q	Y	J	K	B	A	E	F	U	G	H	I
W	D	C	E	B	N	L	I	N	X	O	F	G	J	R
G	H	T	E	K	G	B	L	H	X	S	D	F	G	U
W	I	R	R	N	G	I	T	E	I	H	J	K	G	L
N	S	D	F	G	V	B	N	F	L	J	H	G	F	I
Q	O	H	G	E	S	A	S	M	O	R	B	I	U	S
A	S	R	D	S	G	D	C	V	N	F	G	H	J	K
Q	W	A	G	E	D	R	A	C	O	N	I	A	N	T
B	E	S	V	O	O	R	D	S	A	X	C	V	B	M
S	E	N	S	O	R	I	T	E	A	M	U	T	T	K
C	V	B	N	M	P	Z	Y	G	O	N	S	D	F	G

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK!

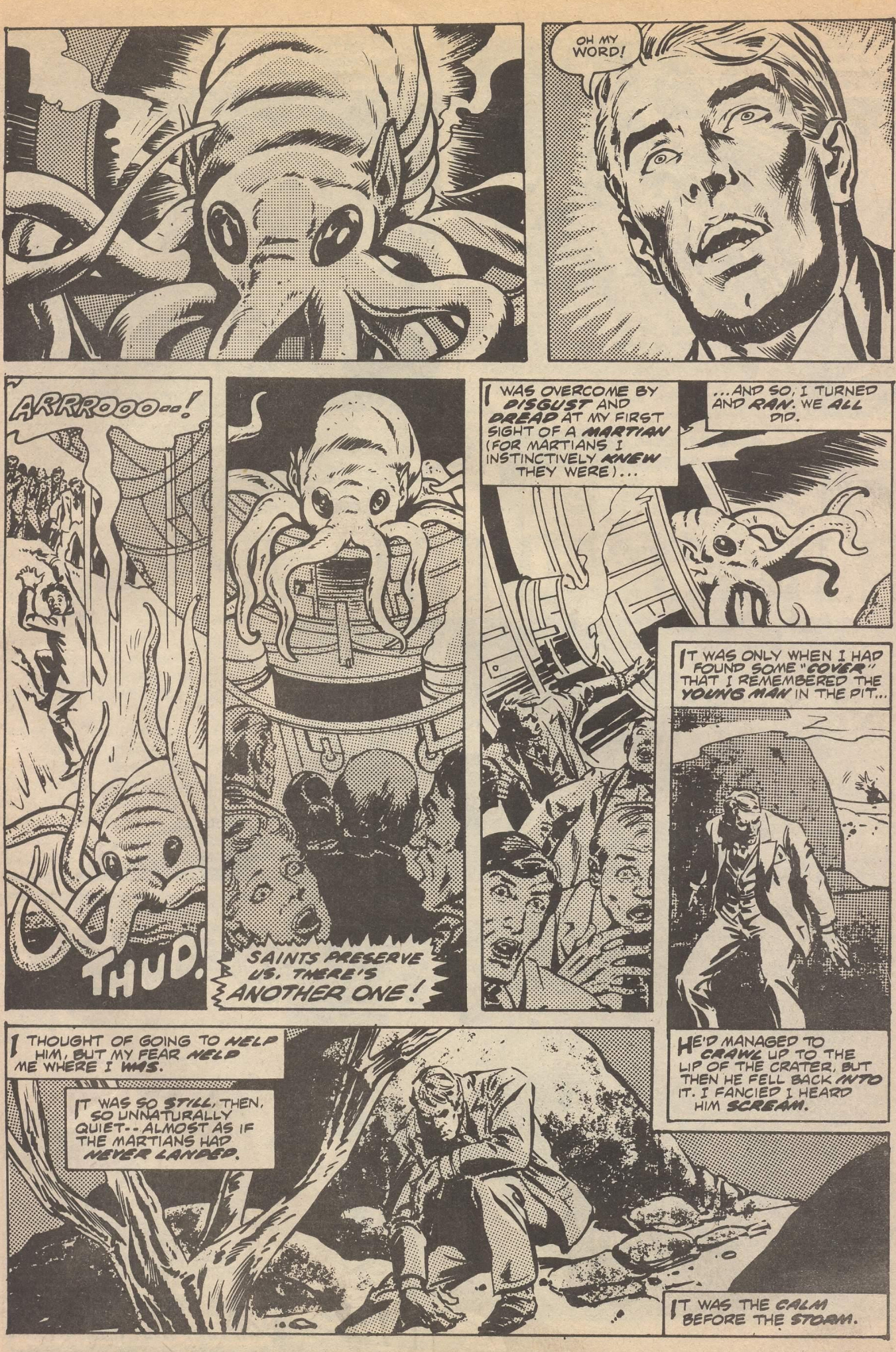
TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring

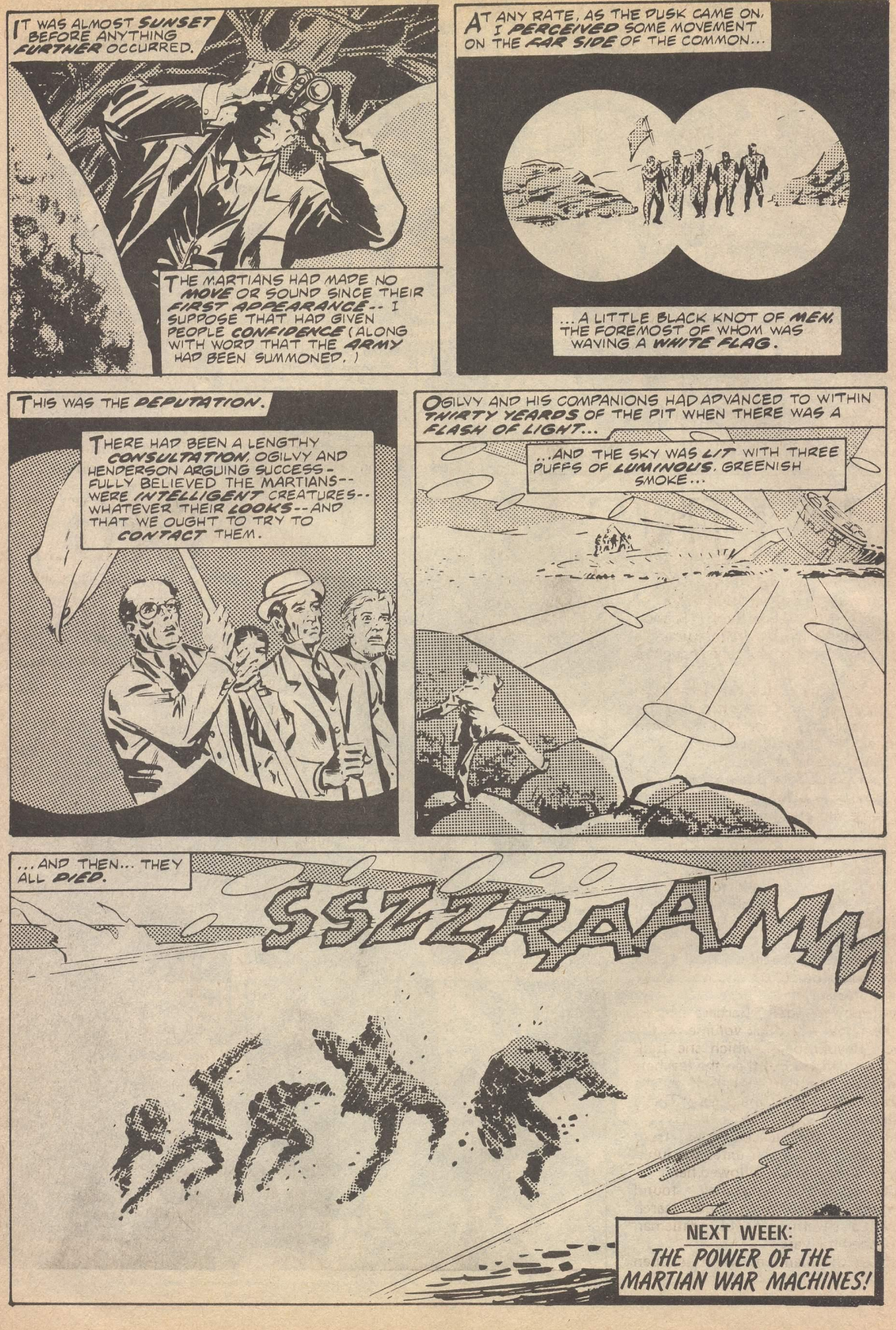

WAR OF THE WORLDS
by H.G. WELLS
GEORGE FOUND LIFE VERY PLEASANT IN ENGLAND AT THE TURN OF THE 19TH CENTURY. THAT WAS UNTIL THE EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED THE INCIDENT ON HORSELL COMMON. THIS IS GEORGE'S STORY... JUST AS HE TOLD IT TO ME, FROM THE TIME HE WAS RUDELY AWAKENED..
THOOOOM
HEY, WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS? DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME OF THE MORNING THIS IS--?
OH. HULLO, OGILVY-- WHAT'S GOING ON?
COME DOWN, MY FRIEND--YOU MUST COME DOWN.
IN MY NIGHT-CLOTHES?
OH, BOTHER! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?
NOT PRECISELY.
THEN COME OUT TO THE COMMON WITH ME, YOU FOOL, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
IT...IT'S WONDERFUL!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT-- I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT TO CHANGE.

Script: Chris Claremont Art: Yong Montano & Dino Castrillo


I CAME OUT HERE AT THE CRACK OF DAWN-- THE THING MADE A TREMENDOUS CRATER -- AND THE HEAT...!
PART OF THE COMMON WAS STILL BURNING FROM THE LANDING, AND THE CYLINDER ITSELF WAS FAR TOO HOT TO APPROACH, LET ALONE TOUCH...
MOTOR
CYLINDER, YOU SAY-- SOMETHING MAN-MADE?
ARTIFICIAL, AT ANY RATE.
AT FIRST, I TOOK THE THING FOR A METEOR-- BUT ONE AS BIG AS THIS WOULD HAVE GOUGED A CRATER MILES ACROSS, AND YOU'D NOT HAVE SLEPT THROUGH ITS ARRIVAL.
SIBLEY & C
WHAT CONVINCED ME THOUGH, WAS WHEN THE TOP OF IT BEGAN TO UNSCREW.
NO.
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, HENDERSON-- LET US PASS, IF YOU PLEASE! -- WHY DON'T YOU DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS?
STRANGE, AT FIRST GLANCE, THE CYLINDER WAS REALLY NO MORE EXCITING THAN AN OVERTURNED CARRIAGE, OR A TREE BLOWN ACROSS THE ROAD.
IN POINT OF FACT, THE THING LOOKED LIKE A RUSTY GAS FLOAT.
THERE WAS A MIXED AIR TO THE CROWD. PART- CURIOUSITY, PART- AWE, PART- FEAR-- BUT ALL PRESSED FORWARD TO SEE...
...SO MUCH SO THAT ONE MAN HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY PUSHED INTO THE PIT.

SUDDENLY...
OGILVY GEORGE-- LOOK!
GOOD LORD.
THE CYLINDER-- THE TOP'S BEING UNSCREWED EVEN MORE...AND FROM WITHIN!
OGILVY, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME-- THERE'S A MAN DOWN IN THE PIT. OGILVY!
I KNOW-- IT'S THIS BLASTED CROWD!
HENDERSON, HELP US KEEP THESE CONFOUNDED PEOPLE BACK! AFTER ALL, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THE CONFOUNDED THING!
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, I'M AFRAID. THE SCREW'S OFF.
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?
NO. THE SUN'S IN MY EYES.
THEY'D EXPECTED TO SEE A MAN EMERGE...
...OR SOMETHING ESSENTIALLY MAN-LIKE, AT ANY RATE.
THE CROWD DREW BACK AS...


OH MY WORD!
ARRROOOoo..!
THUD!
SAINTS PRESERVE US. THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
I WAS OVERCOME BY DISGUST AND DREAD AT MY FIRST SIGHT OF A MARTIAN (FOR MARTIANS I INSTINCTIVELY KNEW THEY WERE)...
...AND SO, I TURNED AND RAN. WE ALL DID.
IT WAS ONLY WHEN I HAD FOUND SOME "COVER" THAT I REMEMBERED THE YOUNG MAN IN THE PIT...
HE'D MANAGED TO CRAWL UP TO THE LIP OF THE CRATER, BUT THEN HE FELL BACK INTO IT. I FANCIED I HEARD HIM SCREAM.
I THOUGHT OF GOING TO HELP HIM, BUT MY FEAR HELD ME WHERE I WAS.
IT WAS SO STILL, THEN, SO UNNATURALLY QUIET--ALMOST AS IF THE MARTIANS HAD NEVER LANDED.
IT WAS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.


IT WAS ALMOST SUNSET BEFORE ANYTHING FURTHER OCCURRED.
THE MARTIANS HAD MADE NO MOVE OR SOUND SINCE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE-- I SUPPOSE THAT HAD GIVEN PEOPLE CONFIDENCE (ALONG WITH WORD THAT THE ARMY HAD BEEN SUMMONED.)
AT ANY RATE, AS THE DUSK CAME ON, I PERCEIVED SOME MOVEMENT ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE COMMON...
...A LITTLE BLACK KNOT OF MEN, THE FOREMOST OF WHOM WAS WAVING A WHITE FLAG.
THIS WAS THE DEPUTATION.
THERE HAD BEEN A LENGTHY CONSULTATION, OGILVY AND HENDERSON ARGUING SUCCESSFULLY BELIEVED THE MARTIANS-- WERE INTELLIGENT CREATURES-- WHATEVER THEIR LOOKS--AND THAT WE OUGHT TO TRY TO CONTACT THEM.
OGILVY AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD ADVANCED TO WITHIN THIRTY YEARDS OF THE PIT WHEN THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHT...
...AND THE SKY WAS LIT WITH THREE PUFFS OF LUMINOUS, GREENISH SMOKE...
...AND THEN... THEY ALL DIED.
SSZZRAAMM

NEXT WEEK:

THE POWER OF THE MARTIAN WAR MACHINES!

We proudly present an opportunity for you to step aboard your own TARDIS now, as we take you back, back in time to November 1963. To a Saturday evening when BBC tv screened the first ever episode of a science fiction series that was destined to become the longest-running such tv series in the entire world! Story information compiled by Jeremy Bentham.

DOCTOR WHO

STORY ONE

PROLOGUE :-

London, November 1963. Under a blanket of thick, swirling fog a policeman pounds his solitary beat amid the high brick walls of the inner metropolis.

Casting a pale yellow beam, the light of his torch falls upon the large wooden gates of a junkyard, bearing the words: "I. M. FOREMAN, 76 TOTTERS LANE".

As the policeman walks on into the darkness, he fails to notice one of the gates swing open.

Had he noticed it, he would have been most puzzled by what was inside.

For, among the debris of the scrapyard was the then-familiar blue shape of a London Police Public Call Box.

Yet this police box was not what it seemed. For, unlike every other one in the city, this police box hid an awesome secret.

Just audible to human hearing, it was emmiting a humming sound along with a faint vibration coming from within. . .

AN UNEARTHLY CHILD

Amidst the milling throng of children pouring out of the corridors of Coal Hill Secondary School, teacher Barbara Wright was instructing a pupil to wait behind while she brought a book in.

Seeing a fellow teacher, Ian Chesterton, Barbara confessed to him her baffled curiosity over pupil Susan Foreman. Ian sympathised, agreeing he too found her a total mystery.

For, in all subjects, Susan appeared to be a genius — often letting her own knowledge slip out a bit at a time so as not to embarrass her tutors.

Lately though, her homework had been poor, but when Barbara had visited the girl's home to talk to her only guardian — her grandfather — she found the address led only to a junkyard in Totters Lane.

The two teachers agreed they would follow Susan home to discover where she really lived.

Returning to Susan, Barbara handed her the book — a thick volume on the French Revolution — which she took with great delight. But then the teachers heard Susan mutter to herself as she began to browse over the pages, "That's not right!".

Later, the two teachers saw, from their parked car, Susan enter the junkyard, so they quickly followed her.

But within the yard they found her gone. Before they could search around, a silverhaired old gentleman approached the yard.

Just as the man was about to open

the door to the out-of-place police box, he became aware of their presence and stepped away.

Ian, certain he had heard young Susan's voice from within the police box, began to question the old man when its door swung open and Susan's voice called out. Despite objections, the two teachers stepped into the box.

Gazing around in dumbstruck amazement, the two found themselves within a fantastic control room beset with computer banks, power units, and various items of antique furniture — all dominated by a centrally placed large, hexagonal control console topped by a glass column filled with various scientific instruments. The sheer size of the room belied the exterior dimensions, a fact which Ian just could not rationalise or accept.

Susan was then instructed by the old man to close the massive internal doors, trapping the two curious teachers.

Doing this, Susan identified the old man as her grandfather, a Doctor who then chides her for letting this situation arise. If Susan had not expressed a love for this period of time, they would never have been discovered!

But now the Doctor cannot let the two teachers go, in case they reveal what they have seen.

Ian Chesterton soon realises he is a mental infant compared with the Doctor and his grand-daughter, who, the Doctor informs his prisoners, are exiles from another world who can travel through time and space via the "police box" which is called TARDIS, from the initials: Time And Relative Dimensions In Space.

As Ian listens, he becomes convinced he is in the company of a madman.

Then slowly the old man crosses to the central console and begins to activate the systems.

The central column begins to rise and fall, and from unseen depths a sonorous whirring and gyrating sound begins.

On a bare, primeval landscape, the shape of the TARDIS slowly begins to materialise and becomes solid.

A shadow falls over it. The ship's arrival had been witnessed.

Episode 2 :- The Cave of Skulls

Some distance away, a group of neanderthal cave dwellers are gathered around their tribe leader, Za. This is the tribe of Gum, Sun worshippers who have named their god Orb. Once, Za's father had known the secret of fire. But he had not passed the information on to his son.

Now the climate gets slowly colder, and if the secret flame is not found, the tribe will all die in the upcoming winter.

Sitting apart from the others, Old Mother is scornful of Za's efforts to make fire by futile attempts at rubbing his hands together, even when he is aided by Hur — the fairest woman in the tribe, who hopes to be given to Za.

The old men talk against Za, saying that the stronger Kal would make a better leader — at least he provides food for them.

The four flee the wrath of the warriors of the Tribe of Gum.

Above: Kal (Jeremy Young) and Za(Derek Newark) argue over their four "guests" — the time travellers — in the first Doctor Who adventure.

Meanwhile, the TARDIS doors swing open. As the teachers, Barbara and Ian step out in amazement into the ancient land, Susan explains that the yearometer is broken so no one knows exactly where in time they are.

Realising the Doctor's name is not Foreman, Ian shouts after Susan, asking who is he? Doctor...who?

Drifting from the others, the mysterious Doctor examines the surroundings, and stops to light his pipe with a box of matches.

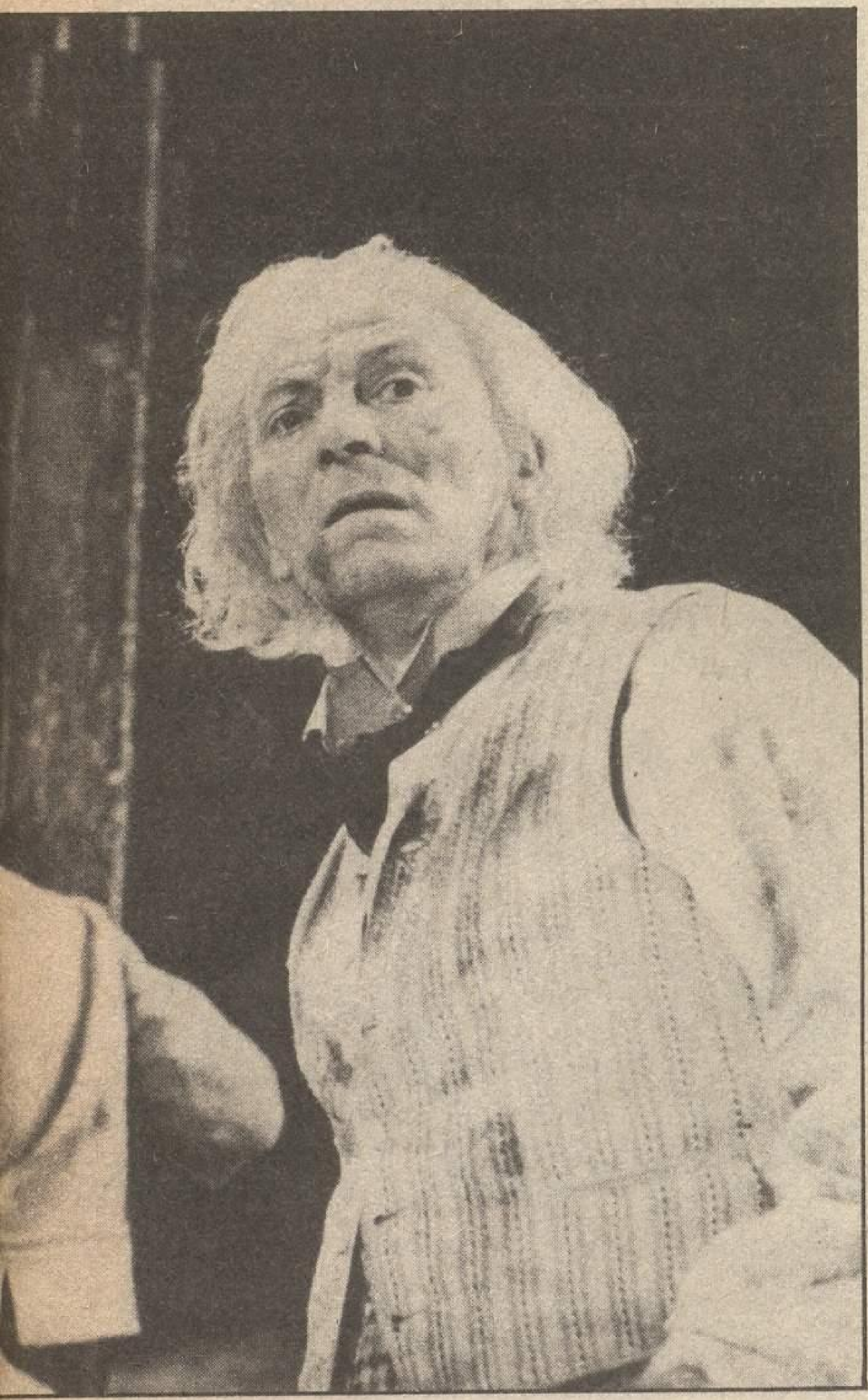
He is instantly attacked and captured by Kal, would-be leader of the tribe of Gum.

Susan is explaining that normally the TARDIS exterior blends with its surroundings, but appears to have malfunctioned, as it now poses the bizarre sight of still being a police box, but in a prehistoric age.

But her story is cut short when a cry from the Doctor alerts them.

Rushing towards the sound, the three discover in horror the Doctor has gone, disappeared with only his hat, pipe and notebook left behind.

Meanwhile, Kal has arrived back at the tribe's cave with his captive — the Doctor — unconcious.



Having seen the Doctor light a match, Kal demands he once more create fire from his fingers. But the Doctor had lost his matches when captured, and has to stall for time.

Angered, Kal is about to kill him with his club when Ian, Susan and Barbara arrive.

Ian's attempt to save the Doctor from the club succeed, but all four time travellers are taken captive, to be sacrificed at dawn.

Episode 3:- The Forest of Fear

As the tribe sleeps that night, Old Mother crosses to Za and takes his stone knife then slips away: But Hur had seen what happened and, in turn, wakes Za. Both follow Old Mother towards the sacrificial cave.

Quickly, Old Mother frees the four captives, telling them never to make fire for the tribe, and to flee.

But no sooner have they fled than both Za and Hur race after them, into the Forest of Fear.

Just as Za has caught up with the four, a huge tiger attacks him. And though he manages to defeat it, he is badly wounded in the fight.

As the time travellers and the cave girl try to help the wounded Za, by taking him to the TARDIS, Kal discovers the missing prisoners, and kills the Old Mother in the cave of skulls, then blames her death and the escape on Za.

Taking Kal as their new leader, the tribe set out for the TARDIS, ready to trap their foes.

Episode 4:- The Firemaker

Soon Za, Hur and the four time travellers are re-captured and taken back to the caves, to pay for the murder of the Old Mother.

But the Doctor, seeing Za's knife has no blood stains, plays on Kal's vanity by saying he has never seen a finer blade. Kal proudly flourishes his knife, and the Doctor points to the blood stains, revealing Kal to be the true killer.

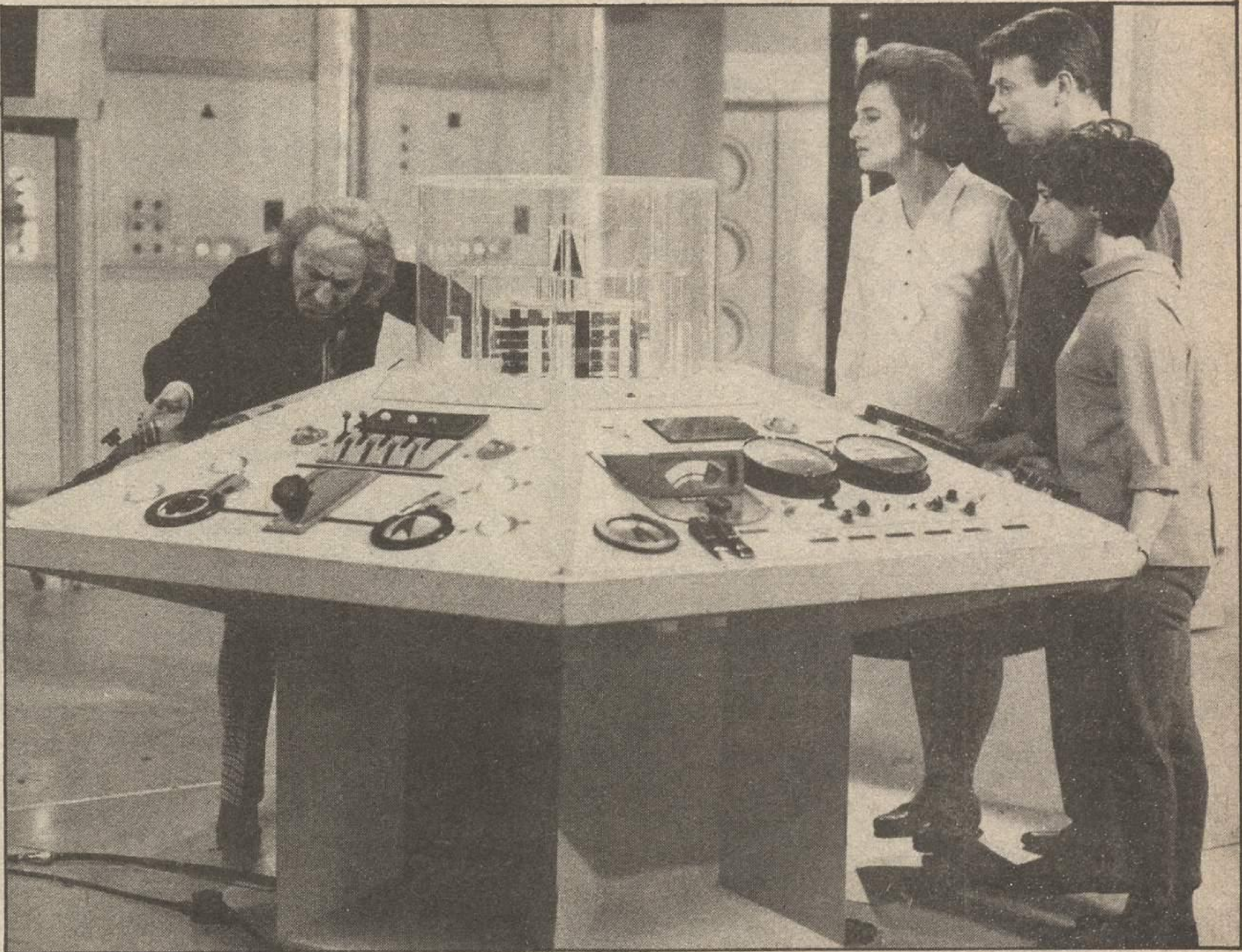
Kal is then banished from the tribe, and Za becomes its leader once more.

But Kal had not left the area and sees Ian make fire with a stick, a hollowed stone, a shoelace and dry grass.

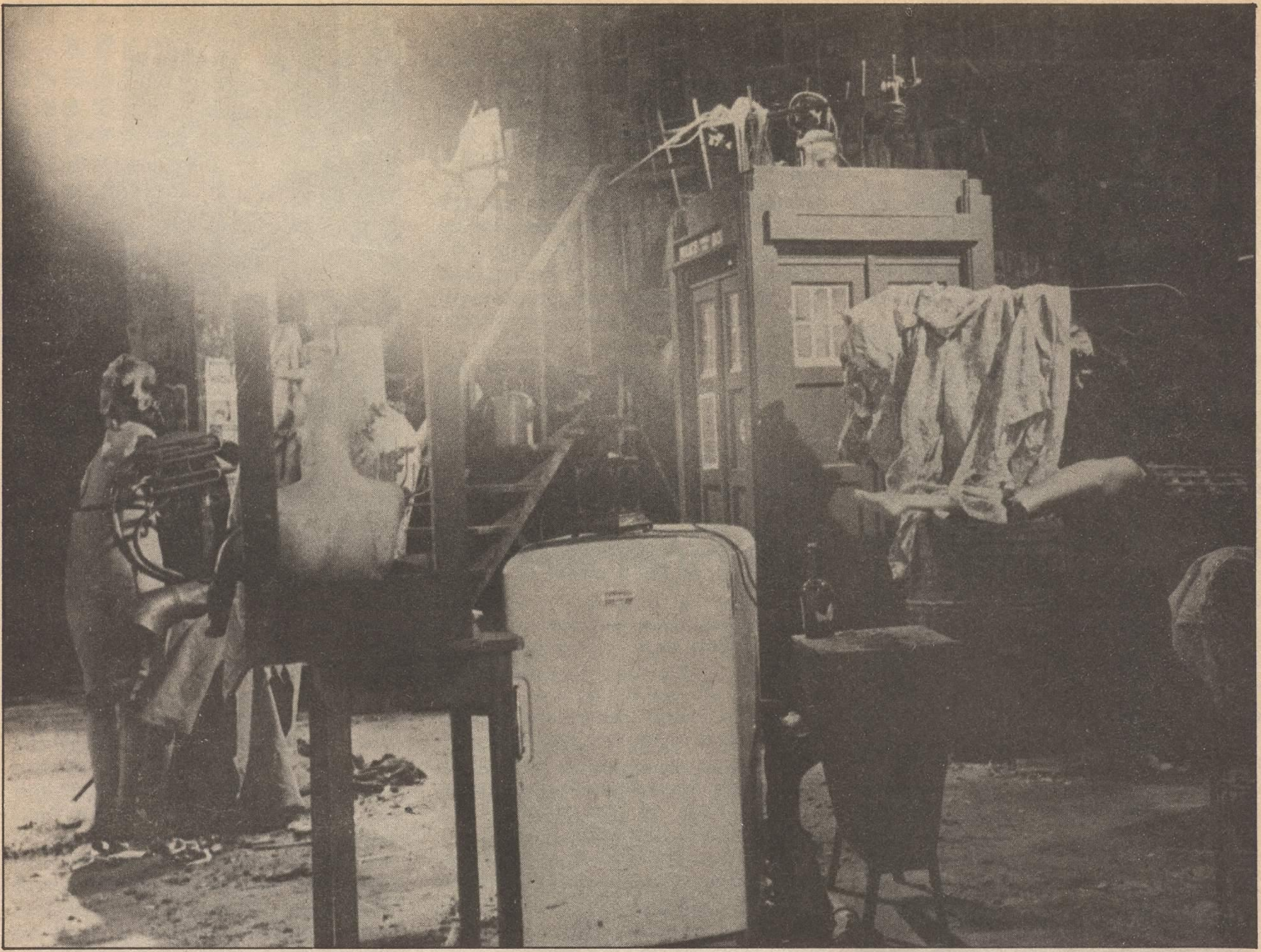
As the fire leaps skyward, Kal and Za clash around the flames, though the evil Kal is this time killed.

Even though Ian hands Za a torch of flames, the four are once more taken prisoner, as Za believes them to be of a great tribe from over the mountain, and wants to keep the time travellers until the rest of their tribe arrives so both can be united.

In a final desparate bid for freedom, Susan leads her three comrades out of the cave of skulls, the four of them wailing loudly and carrying skulls on burning sticks, terrifying the tribe into



Above: Aboard the TARDIS, the four time travellers — from left to right: The Doctor, Barbara, Ian and Susan.



Above: The first sight of the TARDIS, amid a junkyard of old rubbish, at 76 Totters Lane, in the first-ever episode of Dr Who.

kneeling in worship of this strange sight.

But as the four then run towards the TARDIS, the tribe realise they have been tricked and pursue them.

With only seconds to spare — the Doctor slowing their speed — the four rush through the TARDIS doors, as spears fly all around.

All the tribe can do now is watch helplessly as the TARDIS melts into nothingness.

Pouring over the controls, the Doctor admits there are certain codes in his ship he has yet to decipher, and they are unlikely to return to twentieth century England.

As the TARDIS lands once more, the scanner confirms this. Outside lies an alien forest of pertified trees rising out of a ground resembling white ash.

A glance at the instrument dials shows the air to be breathable, so the four exit the TARDIS once more.

Back on the central console, however, the dial on the radiation counter is steadily rising up into the area marked "DANGER"...

Comment

Considering its budget per episode was a mere £2000, this — the first ever **Doctor Who** *story — won enthusiasm far beyond the hopes of its production team.*

A newspaper critic of the time praised the first episode by remarking that the first time/space voyage of the TARDIS held better special effects than anything he had seen in a lifetime of cinema-going.

Anyone seeing the first story today and comparing it with the current series would be struck by the differences in line-up of the principle characters.

William Russell and Jacqueline Hill (as the two teachers) were the unquestioned heroes of the story, while the rude, abrasive — sometimes hostile — Doctor was almost an anti-hero, baffling but strangely compelling.

AN UNEARTHLY CHILD Credits

The Doctor *(William Hartnell)*; Ian Chesterton *(William Russell)*; Susan Foreman *(Carole Ann Ford)*; Barbara Wright *(Jacqueline Ann Ford)*; Za *(Derek Newark)*; Hur *(Alethea Charlton)*; Kal *(Jeremy Young)*; Horg *(Howard Lang)*; Old Mother *(Eileen Way)*.
Written by *Anthony Coburn*;
Directed by *Waris Hussein*.

Next week:
THE DEAD PLANET

WIN £5 CRAZY CAPTION 2

Welcome to our second session of Crazy Captioning. For those who missed out on the rules last week, here's a repeat rundown. . . All you have to do is think up the zaniest, daftest, funniest comment you can to accompany the photograph below. Send it in to us (twenty words or less), and if you're this week's lucky captioner, you'll win a *FIVE POUNDS* postal order prize!

No need to damage the magazine by cutting out the photo and sending it in to us, we've only dropped in the blank balloon so you'll know who is supposed to be cracking the crazy comment.

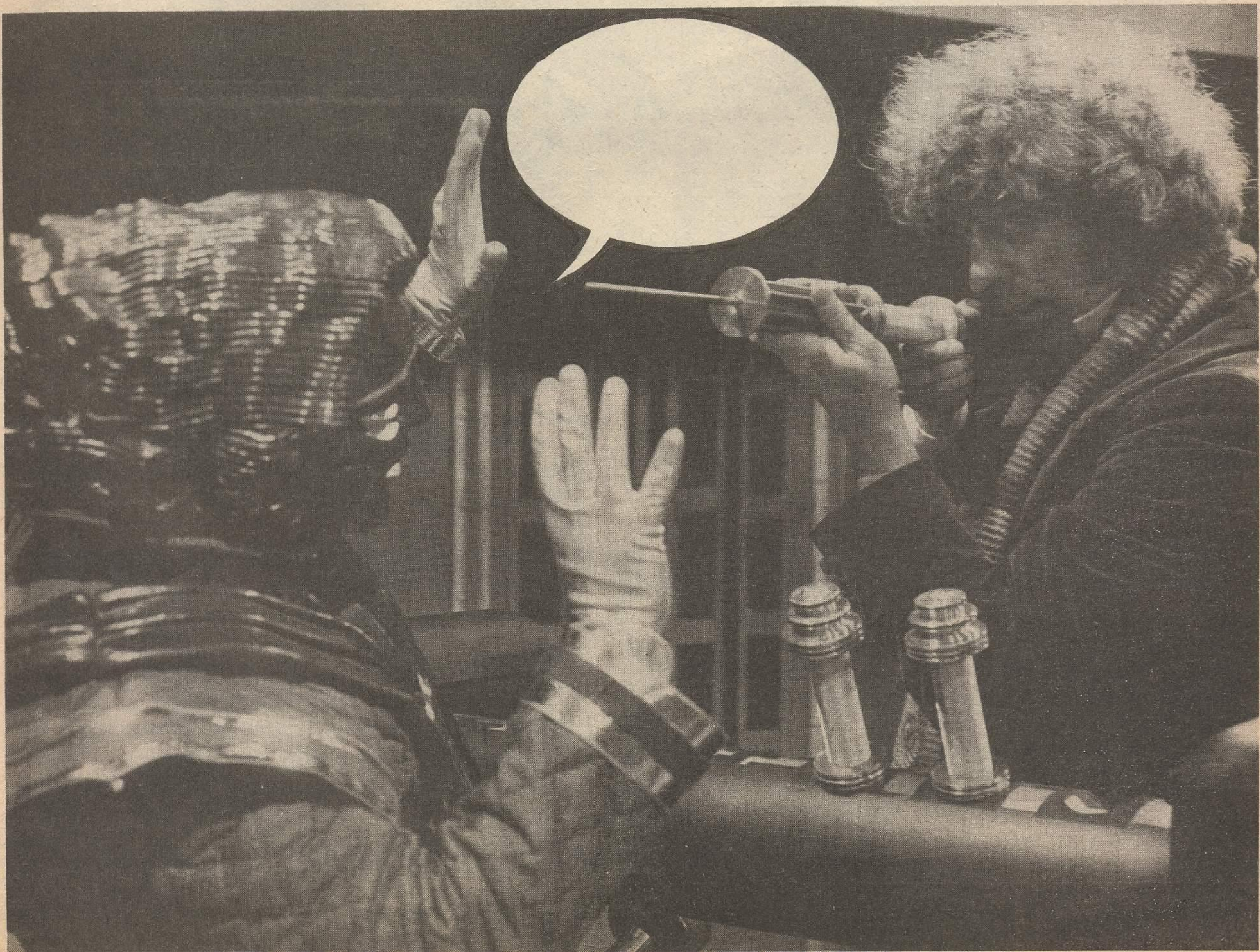
Even if you don't win the first prize, we'll be sending out ten autographed colour photos of Tom Baker as The Doctor to the ten best runner's-up. *Plus* we'll be printing the eleven lucky winners' names in a future issue of **Doctor Who Weekly**.

Next week, and every week, we'll be running a great new photo for your crazy captions, so even if you don't strike lucky this time round, you've got 52 chances every year!

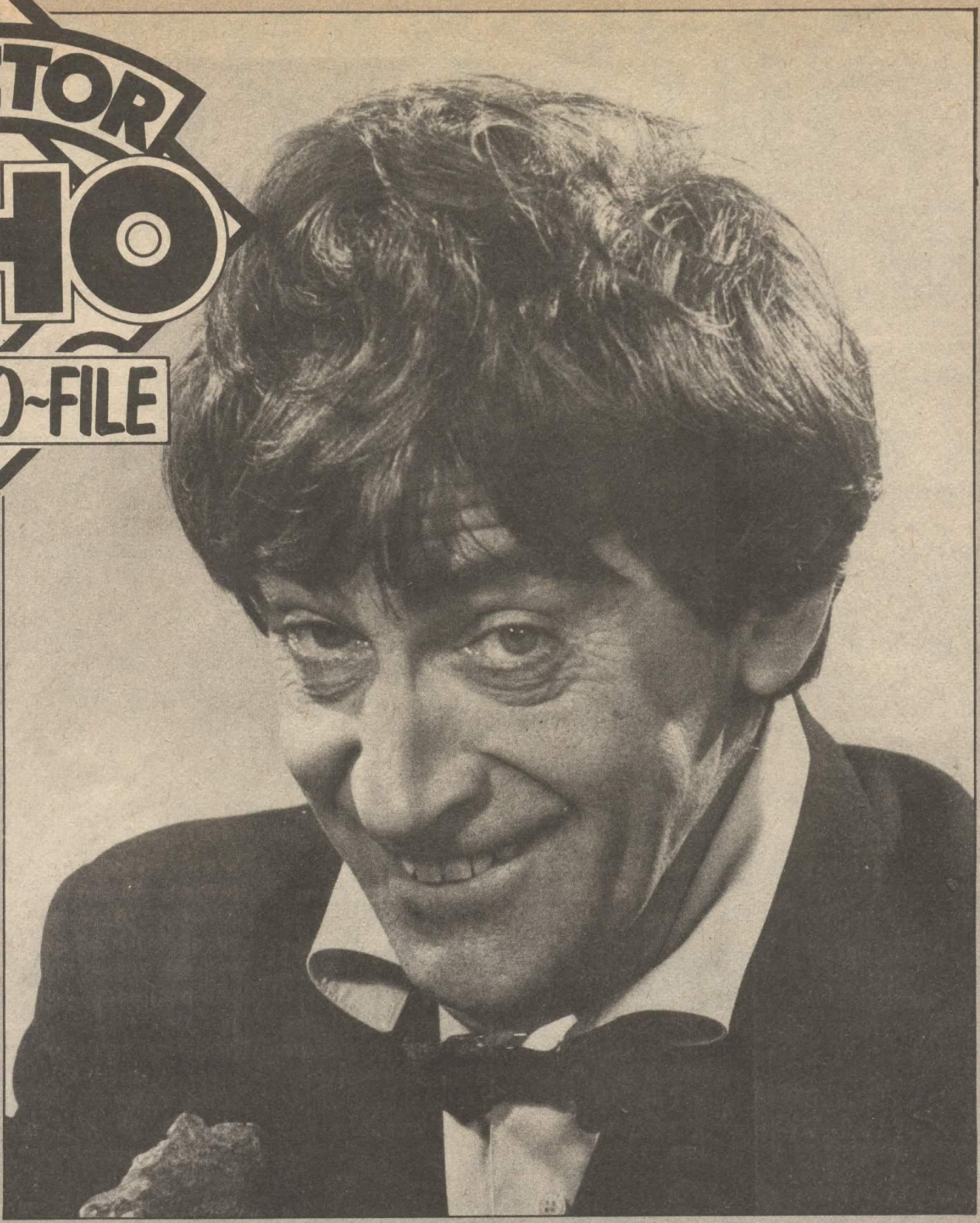
Send your entries — **on post-cards only, please** — to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER TWO, Doctor Who Weekly, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

IMPORTANT: All entries must be postmarked no later than October 23rd, 1979. Be sure to write your name, age and address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Also, while writing, why not let us know what are your favourite three items (comics strips and/or articles) in this issue. Thanks, and good luck!



DOCTOR WHO
PHOTO-FILE



CUT OUT AND COLLECT THE WHOLE SET

Entry Number Two :- PATRICK TROUGHTON

BORN: March 25th, 1920.
ROLE: The second Doctor.
YEARS: November 1966 to June 1969.
OTHER MAJOR TV ROLES: Since **Doctor Who,** he has appeared in over 20 major series, including **Wives of Henry VIII (1970), The Persuaders ('71), Jenny ('74), The Survivors ('76), Space 1999 ('76)** both series of **The Feathered Serpent, The Sweeney ('77)** and **Treasure Island ('78).**
MAJOR FILM ROLES: **Scars of Dracula (1970), Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger ('75), Omen ('75)**

SPECIAL MENTION: Throughout his entire career, Patrick Troughton has preferred (and perfected) the technique of character acting, whereby the audience watches the role being played, rather than the actor playing it. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in his portrayal of The Doctor, when he succeeded William Hartnell.

Although basically a shy man, he injected into the part of The Doctor facets ranging from Charlie Chaplin style comedy to Magnus Pike science.

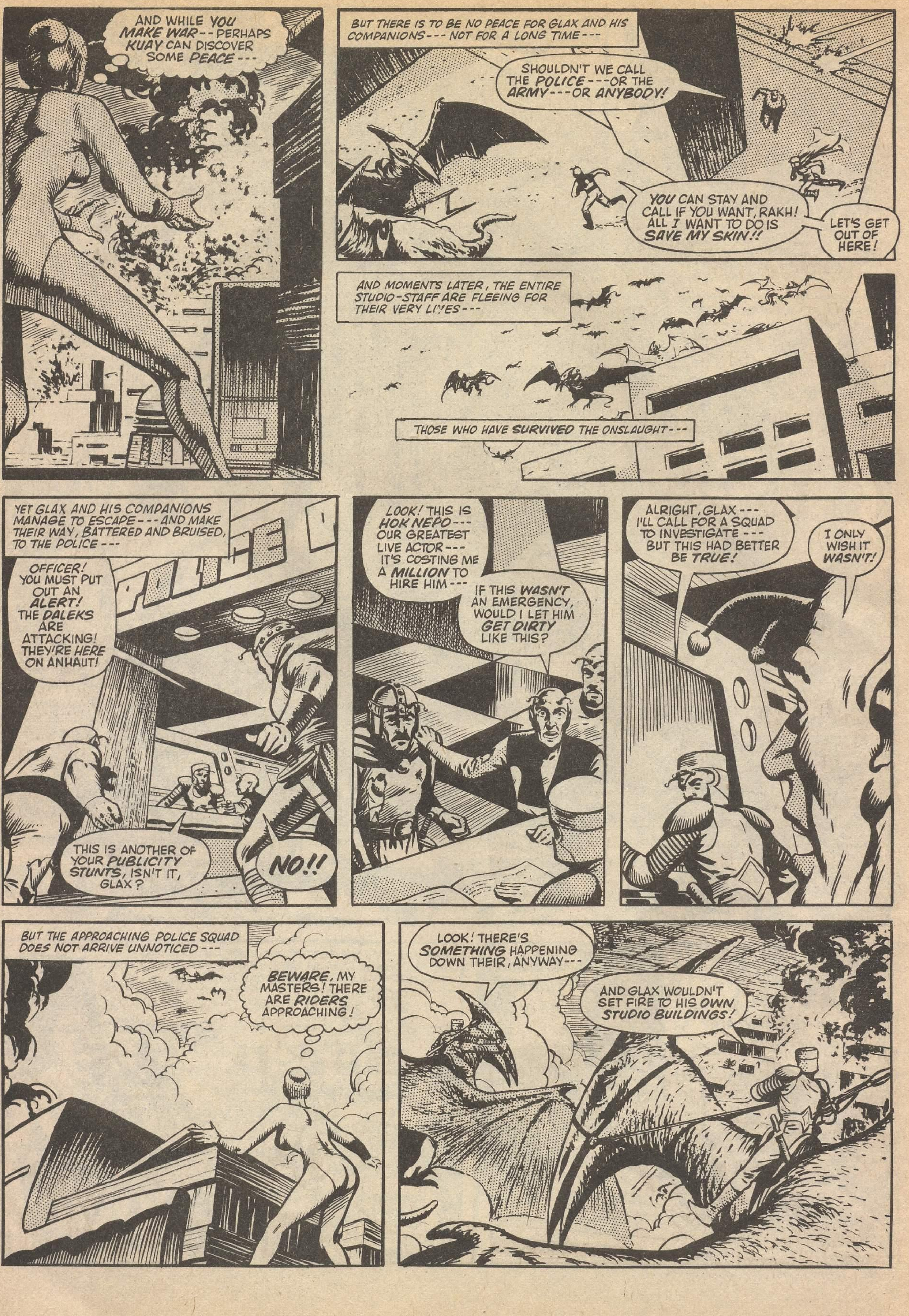
Despite his role as The Doctor being one of Patrick Troughton's best performances, he is the only Doctor who has never appeared in public to sign books, open events and publicise his role. His personality, like the character he played, remains a mystery.

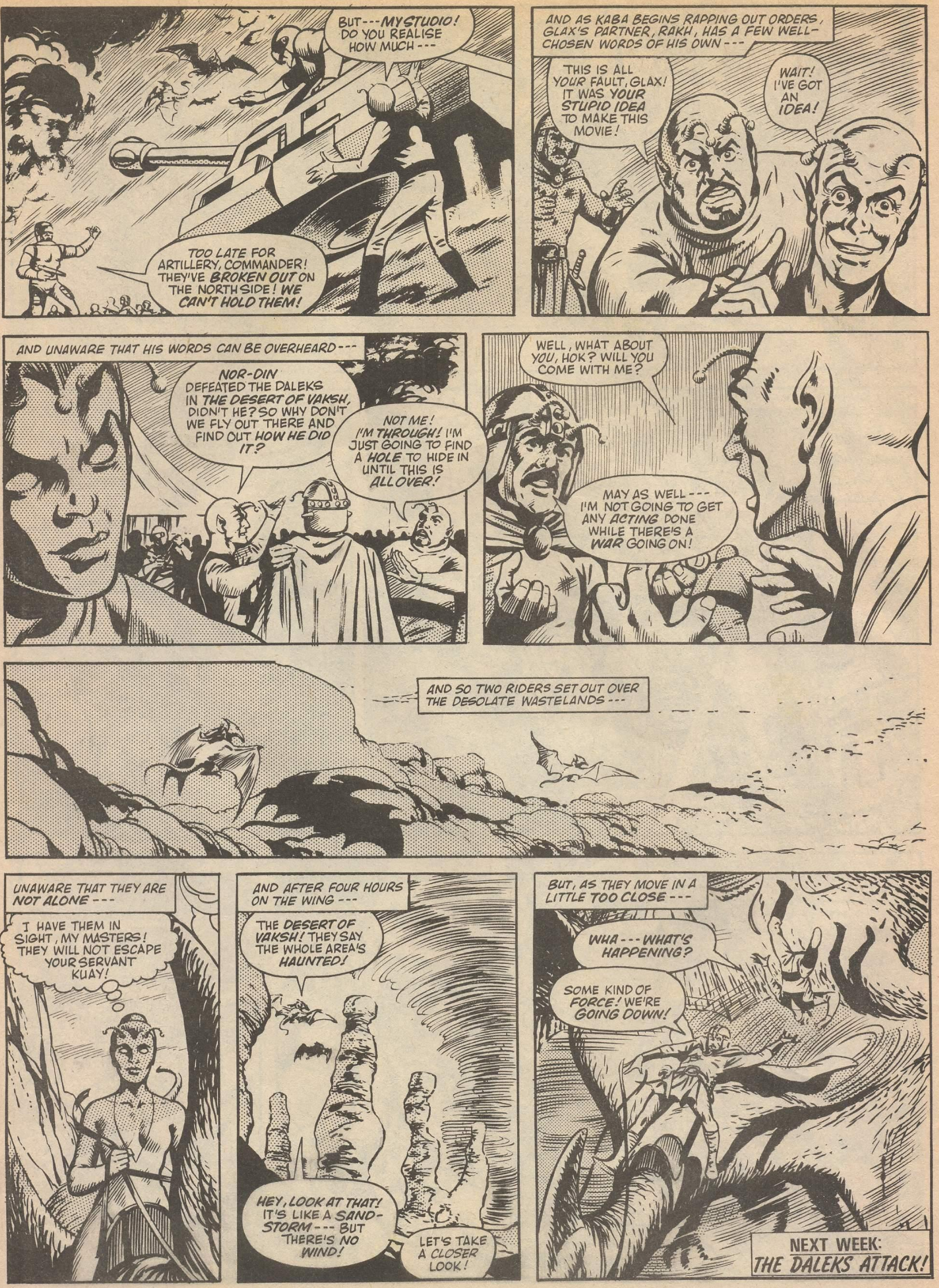
RETURN OF THE DALEKS

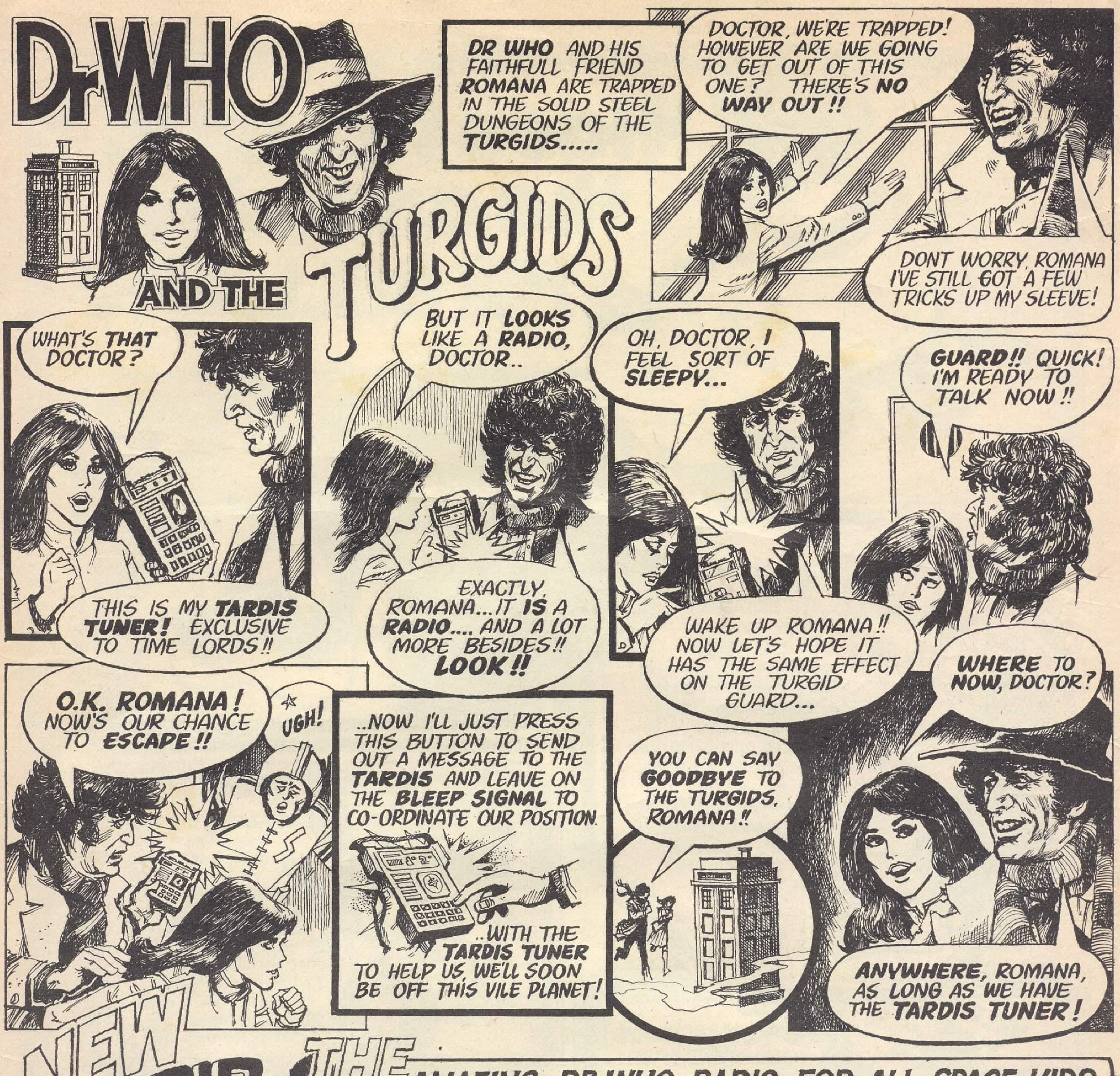
800 YEARS AGO, THE PLANET **ANHAUT** WAS RAIDED BY **DALEKS**. NOW, AS **GLAX** THE PRODUCER BEGINS MAKING A HOLOGRAM-MOVIE ABOUT THE INVADERS, AND THEIR DESTRUCTION BY GENERAL **NOR-DIN**---

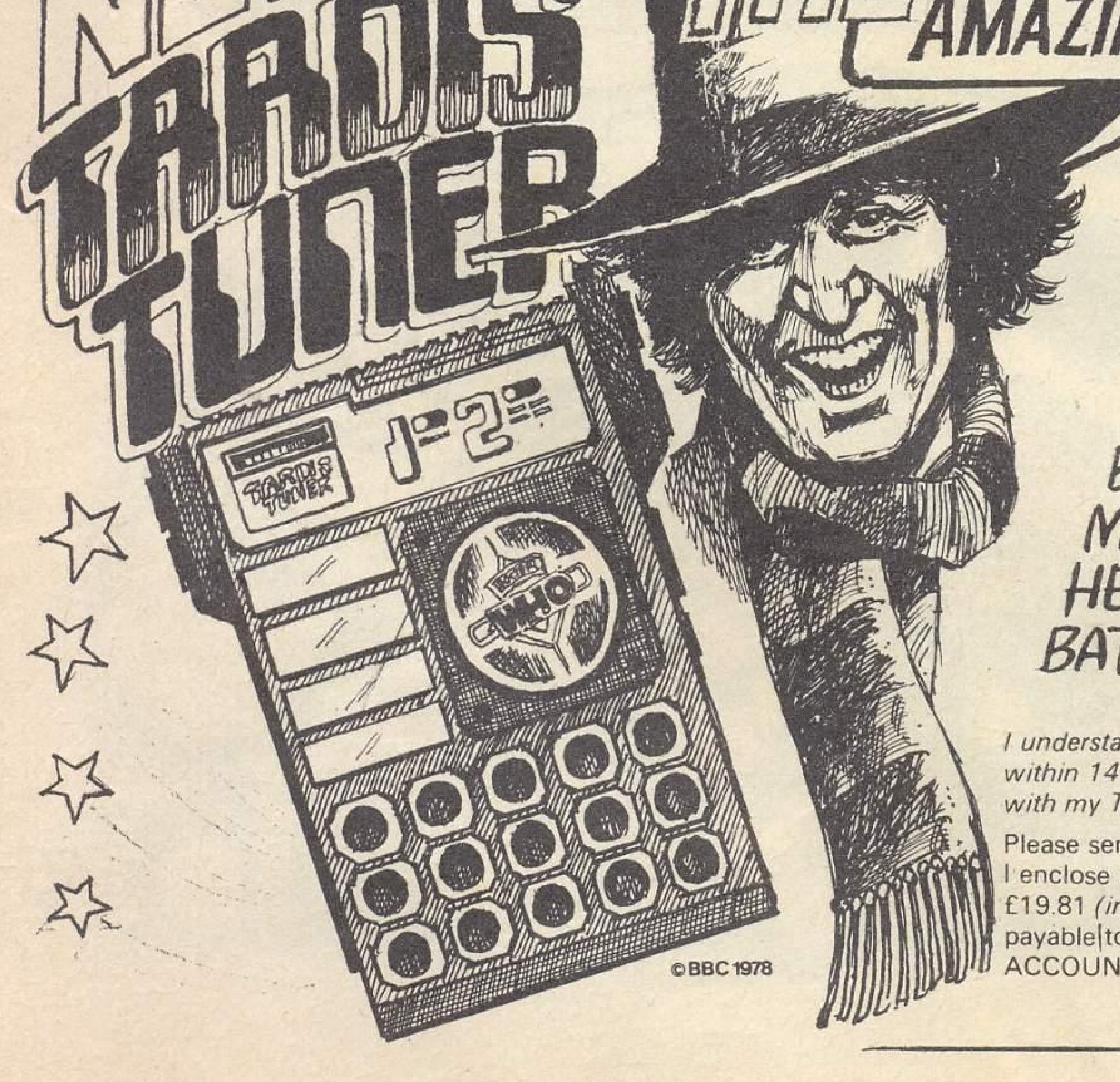
HIS TEMPERAMENTAL STAR, HOK NEPO, RUNS INTO SOME UNAUTHORISED INTRUDERS ON THE STUDIO LOT---
WHAT IN SPACE? THESE CHARACTERS MUST BE REAL DALEKS!
EX-TER-MIN-ATE!!
BUT THEN, A MOMENTARY PAUSE---
WAIT! THIS IS OUR ENEMY NOR-DIN!
NOR-DIN? THAT DOES NOT COMPUTE!
AND THAT BRIEF HESITATION GIVES HOK NEPO TIME TO FLEE---
SOUND STAGE 7
GLAX! HELP! THE DALEKS ARE AFTER ME! THEY WANT TO KILL ME!
WHAT THE CRAZY--?
YOU'RE UNDER STRAIN, HOK--- YOU'RE STARTING TO THINK OUR MOCK-UPS ARE THE REAL THING!
IT'S WORSE THAN THAT! THE DALEKS THINK I'M REALLY NOR-DIN TOO!
AND SUDDENLY---
THOKKK!!
LOOK OUT!
WHA---IT'S REAL! RUN FOR IT!
EX-TER-MIN-ATE!
SEE? I'M NOT CRAZY!
BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
PERHAPS ONLY THE MYSTERIOUS KUAY KNOWS THAT--- FOR SHE HAS SMUGGLED THE DALEKS TO ANHAUT, DISGUISED AS A CARGO OF MACHINE TOOLS---
THERE, MY MASTERS--- NOW ALL OF YOU ARE FREE! I HAVE DONE EVERYTHING YOU COMMANDED---
NOW YOU CAN HAVE REVENGE FOR THE DEFEAT OF SO LONG AGO---

SCRIPT: STEVE MOORE ART: PAUL NEARY & DAVID LLOYD


AND WHILE *YOU* *MAKE WAR*-- PERHAPS *KUAY* CAN DISCOVER SOME *PEACE*---
BUT THERE IS TO BE NO PEACE FOR GLAX AND HIS COMPANIONS--- NOT FOR A LONG TIME---
SHOULDN'T WE CALL THE *POLICE*---OR THE *ARMY*---OR *ANYBODY!*
YOU CAN STAY AND CALL IF YOU WANT, RAKH! ALL *I* WANT TO DO IS *SAVE MY SKIN!!*
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
AND MOMENTS LATER, THE ENTIRE STUDIO-STAFF ARE FLEEING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES---
THOSE WHO HAVE *SURVIVED* THE ONSLAUGHT---
YET GLAX AND HIS COMPANIONS MANAGE TO ESCAPE--- AND MAKE THEIR WAY, BATTERED AND BRUISED, TO THE POLICE---
OFFICER! YOU MUST PUT OUT AN *ALERT!* THE *DALEKS* ARE ATTACKING! THEY'RE *HERE* ON ANHAUT!
POLICE
THIS IS ANOTHER OF YOUR *PUBLICITY STUNTS*, ISN'T IT, GLAX?
NO!!
LOOK! THIS IS *HOK NEPO*--- OUR GREATEST LIVE ACTOR--- IT'S COSTING ME A *MILLION* TO HIRE HIM---
IF THIS *WASN'T* AN EMERGENCY, WOULD I LET HIM *GET DIRTY* LIKE THIS?
ALRIGHT, GLAX--- I'LL CALL FOR A SQUAD TO INVESTIGATE--- BUT THIS HAD BETTER BE *TRUE!*
I ONLY WISH IT *WASN'T!*
BUT THE APPROACHING POLICE SQUAD DOES NOT ARRIVE UNNOTICED---
BEWARE, MY MASTERS! THERE ARE *RIDERS* APPROACHING!
LOOK! THERE'S *SOMETHING* HAPPENING DOWN THEIR, ANYWAY---
AND GLAX WOULDN'T SET FIRE TO HIS *OWN STUDIO BUILDINGS!*


BUT---MY STUDIO! DO YOU REALISE HOW MUCH---
TOO LATE FOR ARTILLERY, COMMANDER! THEY'VE BROKEN OUT ON THE NORTH SIDE! WE CAN'T HOLD THEM!
AND AS KABA BEGINS RAPPING OUT ORDERS, GLAX'S PARTNER, RAKH, HAS A FEW WELL-CHOSEN WORDS OF HIS OWN---
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, GLAX! IT WAS YOUR STUPID IDEA TO MAKE THIS MOVIE!
WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
AND UNAWARE THAT HIS WORDS CAN BE OVERHEARD---
NOR-DIN DEFEATED THE DALEKS IN THE DESERT OF VAKSH, DIDN'T HE? SO WHY DON'T WE FLY OUT THERE AND FIND OUT HOW HE DID IT?
NOT ME! I'M THROUGH! I'M JUST GOING TO FIND A HOLE TO HIDE IN UNTIL THIS IS ALL OVER!
WELL, WHAT ABOUT YOU, HOK? WILL YOU COME WITH ME?
MAY AS WELL--- I'M NOT GOING TO GET ANY ACTING DONE WHILE THERE'S A WAR GOING ON!
AND SO TWO RIDERS SET OUT OVER THE DESOLATE WASTELANDS---
UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE NOT ALONE---
I HAVE THEM IN SIGHT, MY MASTERS! THEY WILL NOT ESCAPE YOUR SERVANT KUAY!
AND AFTER FOUR HOURS ON THE WING---
THE DESERT OF VAKSH! THEY SAY THE WHOLE AREA'S HAUNTED!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT! IT'S LIKE A SANDSTORM---BUT THERE'S NO WIND!
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!
BUT, AS THEY MOVE IN A LITTLE TOO CLOSE---
WHA---WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SOME KIND OF FORCE! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
NEXT WEEK: THE DALEKS ATTACK!


DR WHO
AND THE
TURGIDS
DR WHO AND HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND ROMANA ARE TRAPPED IN THE SOLID STEEL DUNGEONS OF THE TURGIDS.....
DOCTOR, WE'RE TRAPPED! HOWEVER ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE? THERE'S NO WAY OUT!!
DONT WORRY, ROMANA I'VE STILL GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE!
WHAT'S THAT DOCTOR?
THIS IS MY TARDIS TUNER! EXCLUSIVE TO TIME LORDS!!
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A RADIO, DOCTOR..
EXACTLY, ROMANA... IT IS A RADIO.... AND A LOT MORE BESIDES!! LOOK!!
OH, DOCTOR, I FEEL SORT OF SLEEPY...
WAKE UP ROMANA!! NOW LET'S HOPE IT HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON THE TURGID GUARD...
GUARD!! QUICK! I'M READY TO TALK NOW!!
O.K. ROMANA! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!!
UGH!
..NOW I'LL JUST PRESS THIS BUTTON TO SEND OUT A MESSAGE TO THE TARDIS AND LEAVE ON THE BLEEP SIGNAL TO CO-ORDINATE OUR POSITION.
..WITH THE TARDIS TUNER TO HELP US, WE'LL SOON BE OFF THIS VILE PLANET!
YOU CAN SAY GOODBYE TO THE TURGIDS, ROMANA!!
WHERE TO NOW, DOCTOR?
ANYWHERE, ROMANA, AS LONG AS WE HAVE THE TARDIS TUNER!


NEW
TARDIS
TUNER
TARDIS TUNER
1·2·3
WHO

©BBC 1978

THE AMAZING Dr WHO RADIO FOR ALL SPACE KIDS

★ MIND BLOWING VOLUME CONTROL. ★ BUILT IN RADIO RECEIVER, PICKS UP RADIOS 1, 2 & 3. ★ 'LASER LIGHT CONTROL SWITCH'. ★ CONSTANT FLASHING LASER LIGHTS. ★ RADIO TUNER FOR CRYSTAL CLEAR RECEPTION. ★ TIME WARP BLEEPER CONTROL SWITCH. ★ TOUGH MOULDED MATT-BLACK CASING STANDS UP TO THE HEAVIEST LANDINGS. ★ SLIDING DOOR FOR BATTERY SUPPLIES. ★ DIMENSIONS 7½ x 5¼ x 3"

I understand my money will be refunded within 14 days if I'm not so delighted with my Tardis Tuner.

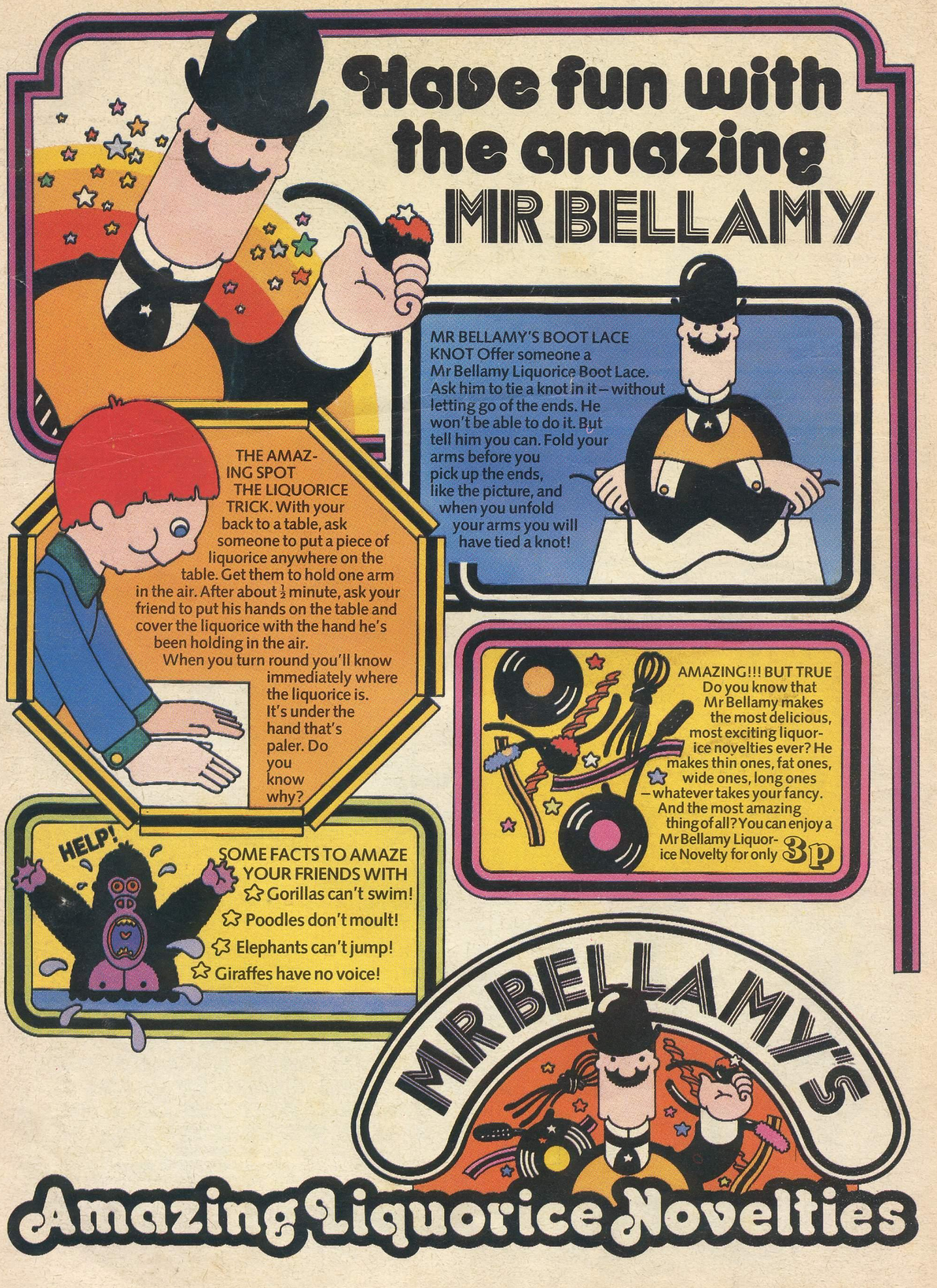
Please send me a DR WHO TARDIS TUNER. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £19.81 *(inc p & p but not batteries)* payable to SHORTMAN READERS ACCOUNT

NEW TARDIS TUNER

To: SHORTMAN TRADING COMPANY LTD
Andrews Buildings, 67 Queen St, CARDIFF CF1 4AY

Name ____________________

Address ____________________



Have fun with the amazing MR BELLAMY

MR BELLAMY'S BOOT LACE KNOT Offer someone a Mr Bellamy Liquorice Boot Lace. Ask him to tie a knot in it – without letting go of the ends. He won't be able to do it. But tell him you can. Fold your arms before you pick up the ends, like the picture, and when you unfold your arms you will have tied a knot!

THE AMAZING SPOT THE LIQUORICE TRICK. With your back to a table, ask someone to put a piece of liquorice anywhere on the table. Get them to hold one arm in the air. After about ½ minute, ask your friend to put his hands on the table and cover the liquorice with the hand he's been holding in the air.

When you turn round you'll know immediately where the liquorice is. It's under the hand that's paler. Do you know why?

AMAZING!!! BUT TRUE Do you know that Mr Bellamy makes the most delicious, most exciting liquorice novelties ever? He makes thin ones, fat ones, wide ones, long ones – whatever takes your fancy. And the most amazing thing of all? You can enjoy a Mr Bellamy Liquorice Novelty for only 3p

SOME FACTS TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS WITH

- ☆ Gorillas can't swim!
- ☆ Poodles don't moult!
- ☆ Elephants can't jump!
- ☆ Giraffes have no voice!

MR BELLAMY'S

Amazing Liquorice Novelties